

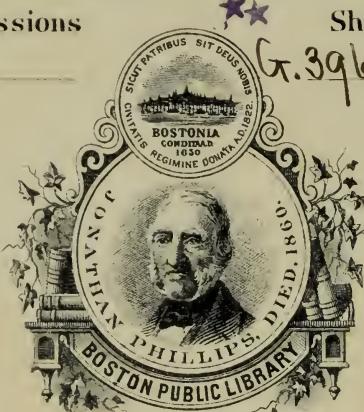
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FROM THE

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Added Feb. 28, 1901.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
SERTORIUS.
ACTED at the
Theatre-ROYAL
BY
Their MAJESTIES Servants.

By JOHN BANCROFT, Gent.

Invidus alterius rebus macrescit opimis. Horat.

LICENSED March 10. 1679.



ROGER L'ESTRANGE

L O N D O N ,

Printed for R. Bentley and M. Magnes in Russel-street in
Covent-Garden. 1679.

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Dramatis Personæ.

Sertorius; Exil'd from Rome, chose head of the Lusitanians, in opposition to Sylla.

Bebrius; A Lusitanian, true Friend to Sertorius.

Tribunius; Captain of Sertorius's Guards.

Cassius; A Roman Tribune.

Norbanus,

Ligurius,

Crassus,

Decius.

Exil'd Roman Senators.

Perpenna; General of the Italian Bands: a Villain.

Manlius,

Aufidius,

Grecinus,

His Officers.

Pompey; A Roman General, of Sylla's Faction.

Aquinus; His Lieutenant.

Tow Pontic Ambassadors.

A Centurion.

Terentia; Wife to Sertorius.

Fulvia; Perpenna's.

Soldiers, Citizens, Attendants, &c.

S C E N E Lusitania.

PROLOGUE.

AS Cowards pusht into a desperate fight
Move slowly forwards like their appetite ;
Yet when they feel the blows, fill'd with despair,
Oft beat the brave, or battel with the Air :
So our Gallant forc'd by his Friends to write,
Now dreads his Fate which must be known this Night ;
Storm'd by his Friends they swore him into rage,
And forc'd him fight the Hydra of the Stage :
Compell'd he sigh'd and said like Phaeton,
He aims at Wit, as t'other at the Sun,
That he relies on what so oft is told,
Fortune assists the brave, and Court's the bold ;
But if from Fortun's slippery Wheel he's hurl'd
From Wits vast Empire to the lower World,
Fate was unkind she would no pity shew,
Be doom'd by her, but doubly damn'd by you.

London Printed for G. and A. for the Author, 1717.

SCENE THE FIFTH.

SERTORIUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SERTORIUS.

CEASE, you Celestial Pow'rs, and give that ease,
Which to obtain, I, with repeated Pray'rs,
The bloud of *Hecatombs*, and Incense smoke,
So oft have fill'd your Heav'ns; and bless the Man
Which, from his Infancy to Autumn years,
Subject to every blast, has known the Fate
Of greatness, or abject Poverty.
Oh, *Marius*, through what paths Ambition led!
But thou'rt no more; and Hell has left behind
A *Janus* Fury, who, with Sword and Pen,
Or Stabs, or to inevitable Fate thrusts on,
Doom'd by Proscription, numbers to attend
On gasty Death: while Slaughter, big with blood,
In Sanguine hue, and a Tyrannick pace,
Sweeps, like a Plague; and makes *Rome*'s Senate look
Like Sons of Earth, scap'd from *Deucalion*'s flood.
Oh, when I call to mind *Rome*'s base neglect,
Tho' with this light I bought their Suffrages,
Dam'd up for ever in the *Marsian* War;
When Parents, with distended arms, lift up
Their crying Infants, while the ag'd bestrid
The tops of Houses, fill'd the Heav'n with Shouts,
The plaudits of my Triumphs; yet gave way

To deeds ingrate, when Barbarous *Sylla* spoke,
 Deny'd the Tribuneship, and Exile made:
 Yet, not content with miseries, they hurle
 Repeated Plagues, and hunt me like a Beast.
 Yet, Gods, be kind, and *Sylla*'s brood shall know,
 He that, with Patience, can endure like Me,
 May weather out the Storm, and Victim make
 The over-daring Fool, who hastes to meet
 (In *Pompey*—certain Fate; or Knowledge bought
 At dear expence. Down, you rebellious wrongs;
 Incite me not to acts, that misbecome
 A *Roman* mind to bear: Take flight, my Soul,
 Into a Sphere like thy Essential make;
 That I may scatter into open Air
 The envious mischiefs which environ me.

SCENE II.

Bebricius, Norbanus, Ligurius, Crassus, Decius, to *Sertorius*.

Bebr. **H**AIL Noble Patriot of a happy State,
 Blest in the Guardian! *Lusitania* owes,
 As to the Gods, from undigested ways
 Of Brutal living, unto nobler form'd,
 Her Reformation. Why's obscur'd that brow?
 What doubts can cause such gloomy fancies rise,
 As in the hue of melancholy men?
 Pensive with thought, thou shun'st Society.

Nor. Know, brave *Sertorius*, that we all in thee
 Wind up our Clue of life: as men devote,
 To the Infernals, humane Sacrifice.
 Thy breath, when form'd into a sound, is Law:
 And not the dead shall, at the day of Doom,
 Call'd to appear, in mightier numbers rise,
 Hudled to form from out their quiet Urns;
 Than *Lusitania*, from her wide extents,
 Crowd to attend *Sertorius* God-like call.

Lig. Gods glory in thy make, thou man Divine,
 True Similar to *Rome*'s first Founder made;

Excellent Roman! Patron unto all
 That's Great, or Good! Not *Mars* himself on Earth,
 When *Illion* Field's Divinities were Arm'd
 For *Troy* or *Greece*, wrought wonders with his Sword
 Out-doing thine; which Fame as loudly speaks
 To the Extreams o' th' Universe yet known:
 Chose out by Fate, Elected by the Gods,
 To free thy Country from Tyrannick Rule;
 Tho' to the eye of Mortals Heav'n obscures
 The mystick Writ, till Fate unloose the hours
 Which guide the Day to *Rome*'s delivery.

Nor. Heav'n own'd thy birth; and pleas'd was mighty *Jove*,
 When, in the Characters of Fate, he saw
 A man so God-like, that should know the change
 Of Earthly joys, as he of those Divine,
 When Sons of Earth made War against his Heav'n,
 And climb'd *Olympus*; else, in Infant years,
 weigh'd down with Iron: Under *Cæpio*'s charge,
 When Chance unjustly Crown'd the painted *Gauls*,
 Thou swam'st the Torrent of impetuous *Rhine*,
 And liv'd to gain new glories by their spoil.

Craß. Fame loudly speaks the Action of that Day,
 When *Celtiberians* broke their solemn Vow,
 And, in *Castula*, call'd the *Gryseans* in,
 To Martyr *Rome*, in slaughter of her Sons;
 As angry Pow'rs ruffle their Sky to Storms:
 Here, Sun-shine; there, upon the Northern Pole,
 Destroying Flames make big the Elements
 With Fate inevitable: so did'st Thou;
 When, in the height of their vain glorious hope,
 With speed of Hurricanes thy Sword destroy'd;
 Consum'd the Villains e're a thought could rise,
 And pluck'd a Laurel from the Victor's brow.

Bebr. 'Mongst men, for deeds so great, we court thy Rule;
 And glory in thee: nay, the Vulgar Crowd
 Pay adoration to thy just desert;
 And blaze aloud that Fate attends thy Sword,
 Edg'd sure by Death: for, when thou heav'st thy arm,
 So Plagues devast, as thou mak'st void the space;

When throngs of Foes with Javelins fill the Air,
And Thunder with the Ratling of their Shields,
The frightned blood starts back into the heart,
And makes the Soul, with Terror, flye its Seat.

Sert. If Gods have form'd me as you say ; I live
Wholly devoted yours. The *Roman* name
Shall, with her Eagles, take a flight to you ;
Pearch in your Temples ; and a terror be
To *Rome*'s ill *Genij*, which have ruin'd all :
That from the Ashes, like the *Phœnix*, may
Arise a greater, nobler Nation here.

Bebr. Worthies of men, when *Sylla*'s bloody hands,
Embru'd in Slaughter, threatned Death and Fate ;
When all the terrors froze us up with fear ;
Thou sav'dst our Country, and dispers'd the Foe,
Did'st Acts beyond belief, secur'd us all :
And, with the Thunder of thy mighty deeds,
Scatter'd that storm which did obscure our day.
Now, safe in thee, we *Sylla*'s pow'r defie,
Covet to Arm, when great *Sertorius* calls.

Sert. Who would refuse to spend his dearest blood
When gratitude requires ? Oh, Friends, I find
The deep impression which your loves have made ;
Sole help to raise my Soul, with thought deprest.
Nor can I fear, thus circled by my Friends,
Vain glorious *Sylla*, who delights in blood :
Rapine, and Spoil, wait his Triumphant Car ;
And, where he comes, like angry Fates, he breaks
Handfuls at once, not cuts 'em thread by thread.
Fearless of him, all others I despise ;
And his new Pupil *Pompey*, big with threats :
His School-boy's rage, to call us on to Arms.
So the young Huntsmen, fearless of success,
Dart distant weapons 'gainst the dreadful Beast,
Till some barb'd Pile pierces his tawny side ;
Lash'd by his tail to rage, he bellows out
Destruction, and lays waste the Armed Troop.
So rouz'd, so Arm'd, by our just Cause, we'll on,
We fight for Liberty, and for our Gods ;

They

SERTORIUS.

They, for a Tyrant, who contemns all good,
Who all the Temples of the Graces shuts ;
Vertue and Peace are strangers to their breasts :
For them we Fight, and they must Crown our Swords.

Bebr. Noble Sertorius ! Lusitania's Patron !

Sert. Rome's Fame shall bow to you ; no longer blest ;
For all her Ornaments, her Arts, her all,
To Osca shall be led ; the noble youth
There Educated in the *Roman* way ;
So Habited, when riper years come on :
That, in the compass of an Age, the *World*
Shall see Old *Rome* the shadow of this New. [Sound of Trumpets.]

S C E N E III.

Tribunius, Crown'd with Laurel, attended with Aquinius
bound, and Prisoners, &c.

Trib. Hail, great *Sertorius* ; Hail, thou mighty man,
VVhom Gods, in absence, fight for ! thus adorn'd,
We greet thy Genius ; and here offer up
These Laureate Wreaths, appropriate to thee.

Sert. So Arm'd, so Crown'd, the *Roman* Senate fought,
When the rough *Sabines* did invade their Rule,

Trib. Five Legions fell beneath our conqu'ring Swords,
Secur'd by Fate : Nor could *Metellus* help ;
His rage was vain. So Surges dash to Air,
'Gainst Rocks opposing. Like the Giants fix'd,
We bore his Charge, and prest him fiercely on :
When brave *Aquinius*, to compleat the day,
Bedy'd in gore, compass'd with num'rous Foes,
Fell, with the number of his Wounds, our Captive.
So angry Bores their Tushes whet in vain,
Fume oft, as oft assay'd, as did their Chiefs.
When old *Metellus* sounded the Retreat :
And, e're the setting Sun adorn'd the East,
And on our Banners darted his bright Rayes,
Our Friends, immur'd for many months, were free :
Broke was the *Roman* Camp ; and left behind

Engines of War ; and mighty heaps of Arms,
Forsook by haste, as Trophies we have ta'ne.

Sert. The Sword of Justice has a vast extent,
Is mov'd by Heav'n, and guided sure by Time,
Whose Sythe's not keener ; there *Astrea* views
The Crimes of Earth, and pours her vengeance forth :
While the just Arms are Crown'd with Victory.
What can *Aquinus* say, to calm our rage ?
Can *Rome*'s ambition never quiet know ?
Or must she restless as those Atoms be
Which the fierce Winds subject unto their Rule ?
If so, by blood we must appease the slain ;
And think our selves, as by the Gods, set forth
To kill this second *Python* of the World.

Aquin. Curs'd be the man, that, to the *Roman* name,
Dares blemish Honour with the thought of fear :
I superate it ; and, like *Sylla*, am
When most endanger'd, most a *Roman* Chief :
Bred in his Cause, and nourish'd in his Arms,
Fill'd with the glories of his mighty deeds,
He wan me to him. Let severest Fate
Speak loud her Doom ; to hear I stand unmov'd :
For, if I fall, *Sylla* will 'venge my death ;
The brave *Metellus*, or fierce *Pompey*, shall
Offer a Sacrifice to still my Ghost.

Sert. Spoke like a *Roman* ; gallantly and bold.
But that I scorn to soil my fame with blood,
Here thou should'st fall ; then let thy Ghost complain
To barbarous *Sylla* for redress : Did he,
Sided by *Pompey*, fenc'd by old *Metellus*,
The two supporters of this lofty Oak,
Dare meet me face to face, and stand my Ire ;
Like angry *Jove*, I'd rive him to the waist,
Spight of his Shields unto his heart convey
This fatal Steel. Haste ; tell the Boy, I wait
To scourge his rashness. Let *Metellus* know,
If he dares meet us, he shall feel again
The Thunder of this arm upon his Cask :
And need a Shield of *Vulcan*'s tempering,
To guard this deadly weapon from his heart.

Sucron's the noble Field of Liberty,
 Where Death shall glut upon the bodies slain :
 And all the Furies, gorg'd with *Roman* gore,
 Grow fat with Slaughter, and press down the Earth
 With humane weight. O that it were my Fate
 To meet this *Pompey*, *Rome's Anteus*, now:
 Like *Hercules*, I'd grasp him in my arms,
 And make his Tyrant rue his forward heat !

Aquin. Thou shalt be fought with, if not foil'd, *Sertorius* ;
 The chance of War may leave thee destitute,
 And us adorn: then, in the brunt of Arms,
 I'll court thy sight ; and on thy Casket pay
 A *Roman* thanks, for Liberty and Life.

Sert. Guard well the last ; for, by our Gods, I swear,
 Or thee, or I, will measure out the ground
 If e're we meet. Conduct him on the way,
 Which gives a birth to Fate, and mighty deeds. [Ex. *Aquin.*
 But the Celestial Pow'rs have left their Heav'n,
 And fill the Temples with their Deities:
 'Tis Incense they expect, and Sacrifice.
 You four *Patricians* shall attend on me,
 Clad in the Garb of *Numa's Pontifies*,
 VVhile I officiate *Maximus to Jove* :
 With heaps of Spice, we'll cloud the Altars round ;
 Seven Heifers offer, beautiful and young,
 To *Jupiter the Stayer*. Hence, my Friends ;
 See all things ready for the Sacrifice. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV.

Sertorius, Bebricius, remain.

Bebr. Yet melancholy ! when both Gods and Men
 Strive to out-vye in gifts ? Stretch out thy arm,
 Like angry *Jove*, to those who envy thee :
 VV'e'll be thy Elements, to execute.

Sert. Thy loss, *Terentia*, does depress my Soul :
 I grovel in the dark ; and, when light comes,
 Behold the falsehood of my flatt'ring Stars.

Bebr. VVhen Heav'n is kind, and pours his blessings down,

Not

Not Miser-like, but with a bounteous hand ;
 Who knows, but Fate reserves this to the last,
 To make invalid all the other gifts ?
 Distrust is worse than Death ; and blind the sense :
 So Night, to the dull Phlegmatick, creates
 The Aiery nothings which fancy rise ;
 But when the warring Senses rouze the Soul
 To active heat, streight the *Chimera's* fled :
 Then let not thought, form'd from despair, give birth
 To Beings far unworthy of your breast.

Enter a Souldier.

Sert. What means this rudeness, in our privacy ?

Sould. Some Strangers new arriv'd do beg admittance.

Sert. Conduct 'em in.

[*Ex. Souldier.*]

SCENE V.

Cassius, to Sertorius and Bebricius.

Cass. Art thou *Sertorius* ?

Sert. Men do call me so. Art thou a *Roman* ?

Cass. View well my face ; then judge.

Sert. By Heav'n, 'tis *Cassius* !

That noble *Roman*, who appears to me
 As the last remedy to dying men ;
 Or life, or death, attend as the effect.
 When *Rome*, in *Sylla*, made me Exile ; Thou,
 In my necessity the only Friend,
 I left as Guardian to my Life, my Soul ;
 Four Suns have past the *Zodiack*, since to me
 They've blest this eye with my *Terentia's* sight :
 Say, *Cassius*, lives she ? or to blessed Shades,
 Doom'd by the Gods to an untimely Fate,
 Sh' has chang'd for Immortality ? Yet hold !

[*Cassius offers to speak.*]

Dead is the Fatal period of thy words :

Night is not more ally'd to *Chaos*, than

This dismal sound, if utter'd, is to Death.

Cass.

Cass. She lives, *Sertorius* : lives, to bless thy sight ;
To banish into Air thy doubts and fears.

Sert. I ask no other Heav'n, you Gods, than this ;
For joys of Paradise, *Elizium* Shades,
Are Fictions to the real bliss she brings.

SCEN. VI.

Sertorius, Terentia, &c.

So breaks the Sun, from out the Artic Pole,
And with it Day, banishing Night from thence.

Ter. My past misfortunes, whose obdurate Sence
Sat heavy here, now vanish at thy sight :
Long absence, wing'd by noblest Fire, sets on ;
And the great extasy of flowing joys
Lethe past dangers with the present bliss.

Sert. Thou all of excellence ! how shall I pay
The mighty debt ! for, by my life, I swear
The Sence of Seeing to the Center moves,
And makes a mutiny of thought, within
The Organ of my speech. Let me admire ;
And by my Eye, which greedily delights
To meet each glance, judge of the Pow'r Love.

Ter. Leave, my *Sertorius*, this Courtly Stile ;
And, in such words with which thou won'st my brest,
Say I am welcom.

Sert. Gods and Men, stand mute,
While, both to Heav'n and Earth, *Sertorius* owns
Life, Health, and Happiness, without thy sight
Dwindle to nought ; and fill an Airy sound :
Not absent Gods, from their Etherial Thrones
Frightned by *Typhon*, did with greater joy
Again possess their Heav'n, than I my fair.

Ter. No Musick of the Spheres could raise my Soul
Into a height like this. Gods, on my knees,
I offer up my pray'rs of Sacrifice ;
Contemn the many dangers I have past :
Since, from those clouds which' vail'd my happiness,

The Sun of comfort ushers on a Calm.

Sert. Heav'n has restor'd the Treasure which I sought,
Given o're, as Shipwrack'd upon *Sylla's* Rock:
While prest with grief, beneath the mighty loss,
A happy moment makes me bless the Day,
In giving back the All that I admire;
For, by thy self, on thy fair hand I swear,
I would not change for a Celestial Seat.

Ter. And by my life, wound up within thy Fate;

[They embrace.]

The joys of Heav'n, Society of Gods,
Are not so charming as thy best-lov'd self.

Bebr. Blest Lady, which to *Lusitania* brings
The peace our Country has so often sought,
So oft with piles of Incense fill'd the Air,
And with the pray'rs of Nations in the Cloud
Arriv'd, and gain'd acceptance from the Gods.

Sert. Oh, *Cassius*, this noble man has spoke,
At once, her Virtue, and thy Worth. What man
Was ever blest like me, from Time and Chance,
Through the dark Labyrinths of mystic Fate,
To tast of joys like mine, and live? You Gods,
Allay the Extasy, which grows so fast,
That life, in motion, flags to keep its pace.

Ter. I tread on Air, and view around the Days,
Which fleet, like Shadows, tho they harbor'd Death:
Like Prophets, lightned by the Sacred fire,
Forget the giddy Chance, and to the God
In rapture celebrate the turns of Fate:
Thus, blest by Love, I fly into thy arms.
Where thy sight mesures, there's the blessed place;
And in that Circle joys of Heav'n are found.

Sert. I am all Rapture; and will hence remove,
To pay the Tribute of an ardent Love;
Gaze on those eyes which do these joys create,
And view the charming object of my Fate:
Then, extasy'd, to greater bliss I'll fly;
Contemn the gaudy Mansions of the Sky,
And wrapt in thy embrace for ever lye.

[Exeunt.]

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

A Noise of Mutiny.

P E R P E N N A.

Perp. **H**ELL, and Confusion ! how they rend the Air
 With endless clamors ! Angry Elements,
 When meeting, cannot form a sound, that bears
 More horror in't : No voice but cries aloud,
 Lead to *Sertorius* ! which the Traytress echo
 From off the Hills reverberates, and makes
 No sound but his combat the yielding Air.
 Oh, giddy Fortune, and uncertain Chance,
 Upon whose slipp'ry path I've trod so long,
 Into what Maze you've led me ! Must I live
 To see my self bereav'd of Fame, to plume
 The Minion that I hate ? — Ha ! who art thou,
 That bring'st a terror with thee ?

SCEN. II.

Aufidius, Perpenna.

Auf. A Friend, *Perpenna* ;
 Who bids his General fly, or else submit
 To lay the Storm, by your consent to march ?
 All arguments are vain ; I wounds but inflame
 Their burning rage, and turn into despair
 What hope could form. Hark how the Tempest roars,
 As if they meant to force consent from *Jove* !
 By strenuous voices so impulse the Air,
 As make Convulsions in his Starry Orb !

S C E N. III. A confus'd Noise within.

Grecinus, Perpenna, Aufidius.

Grec. Cease to consider, if you mean to live,
 So breaks the Sea, through the opposing banks,
 And with its Torrent headlong rushes Fate :
 Your Friends are, to their fury, Sacrific'd ;
 No argument but Swords, no speech but Blows,
 Plead resolution to go on through Fate.

S C E N. IV. Repeated Noises.

A Centurion to them.

Cent. Perpenna, so I was commandid call thee,
 For the incensed Souldiers I swear to chuse,
 From out the Legions, Chiefs, and form a Head
 That shall to *Osca* lead their Watiike Bands.
 Metellus, and young *Pompey*, they despise ;
 And to *Sertorius* fame are *Proselytes* :
 Say, whether Concord to the Armed croud
 Thou send'st in salutation, or Neglect ?

Perp. If that my memory fails not, thou art he,
 When all the *Cohorts* bent to mutiny
 In the *Apulian* fields, killing the Slave
 Ambitious to be heard, didst lay the Storm :
 How art thou chang'd ! how lost from what thou wert !
 Those Silver hairs, wain'd in the *Roman* Camp,
 Should be example of her Discipline ;
 Not head of factious Slaves against their Lord,
 Who made 'em what they are.

Cent. Thus low, I bow
 To great *Perpenna*, as my General.
 When the rash Croud mov'd with the Face of Death,
 Lest some Officious Slave, inur'd to noise,
 Plebeiae sport, wrought up the mischief higher,
 I took this shipe upon me, and must beg

(Howe)

SERTORIUS.

13

(Hower'e the boldness they compell'd me to
Relish your sense) you would give way to join
Whom public Fame speaks loud : They all concur,
If you resist, to give you bound and chain'd -
Unto the *Lusitanian* General.

Be speedy, e're the happy hour is fled.

Auf. Necessity compels ; you must obey.

Perp. Did I not fear (for I'm my self secure)
My *Fulvia*'s harm, th' insulting Slaves should feel
Alcides labors dwelt upon my Sword :
But, since ill Chance sits heavy on my Fate,
Fly hence, my Friends, use all your art and pow'r,
Let *Hermes* dictate, and the Gods inspire ;
Take with you this good man, and tell the Throng,
Perpenna condescends to lead 'em on :
Speak all the taking words that can be thought,
And Reign for ever in *Perpenna*'s brest.

Cent. Fear not succels : this news, like Balm to wounds,
Will lay the anguish, and set free their doubt. [Exeunt.]

S.C.E N. V.

P E R P E N N A.

Perp. VVas there no way to pass the Labyrinth ?
No subtil Clue the mystic path to find ?
You partial Gods, why Crown'd you with success ?
VVas it to add to th' Laurels which he wears ?
Now, by the juster Pow'rs that war within,
And make a Tempest in my Soul, he dyes.
Not angry *Demons*, to subvert the VWorld
To ancient *Chaos*, and enlarge their Rule,
VVrapt in the darkest Clouds too strong for light,
The ample Character of Hell's design :
Mine greater, more secure. Hypocrisie,
Thou smoothest Devil that can Gods beguile,
Rule in my brain ; and dictate to my sense
Mischiefs, excelling Heav'n or Hell to forge.

S C E N.

SCEN. VI.

Fulvia, Perpenna.

Ful. VVhy all this Tempest, *Cneius*? Look o're Fate ;
 And, from the Brasen Volumes, rase the hour
 That threatens ruin. Are you mute at this ?
 Could you, like *Hercules*, perform anew
 His Hydra-labour, it were certain hope ;
 But gainst the VVinds and Seas usurping rage,
 Like Mariners within the giddy Bark,
 Mix words with Air, and execrate in vain,
 To great men is ignoble: Ebs and Flows
 Of Earthly bliss, should to the noble prove
 Like the fixt Rocks i'th' VVatry Element.

Perp. So fir'd *Prometheus* Image with the Flame
 Stoln from *Apollo's* Car, as at this sound
 Those wave'ring thoughts which mutiny'd within
 Vapor to Air, as Mysts before the Sun :
 Thou chid'st my Fair ; but with the famed art
 That *Orpheus* drew *Eurydice* from Hell ;
 Thy words, like Charms, make me adore thy form,
 And pay thee, Mortal, worship that's Divine.
 Say, thou, my life, and be as Oracle ;
 VVhile thy *Perpenna*, substitute to thee,
 Grows with the sound.

Ful. Must I then Counsel give,
 And form the thought that must evade ill Chance ?
 Since Heav'n and thee concurring will it so,
 Unite *Sertorius* pow'r, and dissipate
 Those clouds of Fury which usurp thy Face :
 Ill Angels hover o're despairing men
 And breed a mutiny within the Soul ;
 VVhile the good Spirits act in will alone,
 Sigh out their woes and lose their words in Air,
 Imperfect sound. None but the wretched feed
 On abject hope : for God-like men create,
 From the extremes of ruine, certain bliss.

So the skill'd Sea-man, at vast distance knows
VVhen the Salt Surges war the Element :
Incluse within the noble Vessel, braves
The angry Seas, tho ruffled to a storm,

Perp. Oh *Fulvia*, 'tis the torture of the damn'd
To rack with thought of Paradise that's lost ;
But thou, as when the spangled lights are hid,
And all the Heav'ns in darkness are array'd,
Mortals distract with fear of endless night,
Till the bright Sun does usher in the day :
Half dead, twixt doubt and fear, thou giv'st new life,
And call'st from exile all my Reason back.
There's something thunders in my Ears, revenge,
Pierces like Lightning ; but has left its fire
Fixt in my brest, which like to *Ætna* burns.

Ful. Let it burn on ; it is a noble fire ;
And, in the blaze, let the great *Hero* fall :
Make *Lusitania* the Funeral Pile,
Her Cities, Structures Temples, perish all,
And from the fire let greatness take its birth.

Perp. Let me embrace thee, O thou Excellence !
VVhose words have rais'd a fury in my brest
Prompt to revenge ; but yet so form'd, so wrought,
That Gods may wonder, and not Fate prevent.
Yes, we will meet *Sertorius* ; to his bane ;
And in a dubious language wrought with guile,
Merit belief : till, most secure, he falls.
So when Serenity of air by heat
Becoms perspicuous, and the azure skye,
The jarring Element of Fire reflects ;
Through subtlest wounds the Soul her paslagetakes,
And leaves the Body sensless of her flight ;
So shall *Sertorius* fall, such is his Fate,
No Thunder shall fore-run the deadly flash.

Ful. Now thou art worthy of my love, and court'st
In Treasure that surmounts a *Danae*'s shew :
My soul's transplanted in thy brest, and forms
A God-like thought, apt to a Pow'r supream ;
Seated by thee, I view the lower VWorld,

The brood of Chance, like giddy Atoms reel ;
 While, like the Gods, we scatter, or collect. [Exeunt]

S C E N. VII.

C A S S I U S.

Cass. VVhat strange Infection rules within my brest,
 And Riots in my blood ? Not liquid fire,
 By its first cause fomented, burns more fierce
 In the Earths Center, than I flame within.
 'Twere better, *Cassius*, to unsheathe thy Sword,
 And open all the flyces of thy life ;
 That, in a deluge to the other world,
 Thy blood may still the Furies, and thy Soul
 VVander an Exile in *Elizium* shades.
 'Sdeath, how was it begotten ? so impure,
 I dare not give it name. You Fates unkind,
 VVhy doom'd you love in so sinister way ?
 Now, my ill Daemon whispers in my Soul
 I must love on, and live. Ha ! see, she comes !

S C E N. VIII.

Terentia, *Cassius*.

Ter. Are you not well, my Lord, that you retire
 From the society of Friends ? we're now
 Beyond the barbarous extents of *Rome* ;
 Forget the base Proscribing City, and
 W' inhabit, and enjoy a Paradise.
 What sullen thought can then usurp your brest ?
 If in *Sertorius* pow'r, or mine, it lies,
 Your merit pleads, and Friendship bids command.

Cass. Nor you, nor he must grant ; the gift's so great,
 And my ambition swell'd to such a height,
 None but the only Jewel of his Crown
 Will calm the rage of warring passions here.
 (What have I said ? what Devil did inspire

With

With words so killing to my Fame ? I'm lost ;
Hurry'd to ruin, by resistless Charms.)

[Aside.]

17

Ter. Ransack his Treasury, and call it yours ;
Did it contain more wealth than *India* knows :
No gift can equal such a Friend as you.

Cass. Ah, Madam, you're so excellently good,
Plac'd in a Sphere remote, beyond the World ;
But wretched I, wander in endless night,
And hate the Day, which brought my misery.
In vain I hope redress ; in vain complain
Unto the Air ; large floods of brinish tears
With sighs, commix :— (Heav'n, strike me dumb for ever,) [Aside.]
Or I shall tell the Cause of all my griefs ;
And, with it, bring inevitable Fate !

Ter. 'Tis wondrous strange ! But, *Cassius*, I must know
From what hid Spring these mighty Torrents rise.
I always thought you worthy, and would strive,
Knew I but how, to ease these fits of grief :
You said, a Jewel ; can a Toy, like that,
Render confus'd the nobleness of mind ?
Cassius is wiser ; and, I fear, has felt
The change of quiet, by his Country's change :
Met some obdurate Fair, inur'd to scorn,
Stranger unto your worth. Is't not from thence ?
Tell me ; and, by our Friendship, were she Flint,
Harder than Adamant, I'd melt her brest ;
Infuse into her Soul the pangs of Love,
And make her proud to merit such a choice.

Cass. (Something I fain would say ; but when my words
Do croud for utt'rance, they're confus'd and lost.
I will — yet I will not — Death here shall rule,
E're I the fatal Secret do reveal.)

[Aside.]

Your pity, Madam's ill bestow'd on me,
Who labor under the extremes of Fate,
Foresee the Goal which I shall ne're arrive,
And languish in the sight of Heav'n I wish :
Yet, there is somthing, in your words, creates
A kind of quiet here, and rest unknown,
Allays the mutiny of warring thoughts,

D

And

And breaks, like light, thorough my Chaos sense.

Ter. Give me your hand, consider as we go;
If I am worthy of the secret Cause,
Fear not success; I'll be your Advocate:
Or, if a Kingdom's loss can buy your peace,
Sertorius, to regain a Friend like you,
With hands profuse would slight the gaudy Rule,
And, in th' extremes of Friendship, prove a Friend.

Cass. Upon the utmost rim of Earth I stand;
And, the least motion, down the Precipice
Headlong I fall, giddy with doubts and fears:
I see my Fate, but cannot Fate prevent.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N. I X. Drums and Trumpets.

On the one side, Bebricius, with Lusitanians: On the other,
Aufidius, with Romans, Crown'd with Garlands, and
Olive-Branches in their hands.

Auf. Health to *Sertorius*, *Perpenna* sends,
Union, and Concord, Palms, and Olive-Crowns,
Trophies and Spoils, ta'ne from the tawny Gauls:
The pledg of Friendship, bonds of Unity.

Bebr. A Roman constancy and Faith, commends
The great *Sertorius*; proud of such Ally.
Open the Phalanx; sound the voice of War:
And fill the Heav'ns with Battel-harmony.

S C E N. X. Loud shouts: a Flourish.

Lictors, bearing *Fasces*; Roman Officers; then *Sertorius*; at-
tended by *Cassius*, *Norbanus*, *Crassus*, *Ligurius*. Is met
in like manner by *Perpenna*, attended by *Manlius*,
Grecinus, &c. They view each other.

Perp. Fame, which to mighty deeds extends her wings,
Has, from the Confines of wide-spreading Gaul,
To view a Man famous as ancient Gods,
Drawn me *Perpenna*, to admire thy Fate;

Nor.

Nor find I less than what I sought ; a Man,
 Great as the Founder of Imperial *Rome* :
 Who, like a God, does with his presence awe.
 Give here our Standard, now no more our own ;
Lictors, your Fasces prostrate at his feet ;
 And all your Chiefs, which own'd me for your head,
 Pay here Allegiance : for *Perpenna* vows,
 By the blest light which guilds the Day, he lives
 Wholly devoted to *Sertorius* will.

Sert. You make me blush through all my honour'd Scars,
 Naming my deeds, which are by your's eclips'd ;
 The Starry Light, to *Cynthia*'s Orb compar'd :
 Believe me, noble *Roman*, I'm more proud
 Of this Days honour, by so fam'd a man ;
 That all the glories of my life fall short,
 When this is nam'd. Bear high the Fasces still,
 and let the lofty Eagle raise her Crest ;
 For, by the loves and lives of all my Friends,
Sertorius bows to so much Fortitude.

Perp. Now, by the God which bears the name of War,
 His mighty Soul's transplanted in thy brest :
 The Shields of *Rome*, are forg'd, Metallic dross ;
 Thou only Patriot, exil'd in a Storm
 Of Brutal rage : *Fabius*, *Camillus*, all
 The noblest Spirits inhabit in thy mind ;
 And, while I praise thy Virtue, thoughts Divine
 Possess my Brain, and elevate my Soul.

Sert. We're Men, *Perpenna* ; Men, by Fate chose out
 To lanch through all the Terrors of the World ;
 Frail, mortal Men, subject to every Chance :
 And while we praise our selves, we rob the Gods,
 Let it suffice I am thy Virtue's Creature :
 For, by the Gods, I covet to be thine.
Bebricius, *Cassius*, noblest Friends, come on,
 And, with the Gordian-knot of Friendship, tye

[*Shouts, and Trumpets, &c.* They all embrace.]
 This mighty Union—Now, let *Pompey* come,
Metellus, or the source of Civil War,
Sylla, attended with his dire effects ;

Like angry Gods, we'll hurl destruction down;
 Blast all their hopes, and scatter all their pow'r:
 For Heav'n in this secures the worst of Fate,
 And marks it out the Raising of our Swords.

Perp. Where e're *Sertorius* leads, so winds break loose;
 Both Air and Earth suffer Convulsive fits:
 Not angry *Parcae*, mounted on a Plague,
 In greater numbers kill, than where thy Sword
 Points out the fatal compass, and makes way;
 Like loudest Bolts forg'd by the *Cyclops* hands,
 The mighty weapons of an angry *Jove*.
 Proud to obey the Legions stand; their Chiefs
 Glow *Etna* like, and courage fills the Nerves,
 While the hot-Will only the Signal waits.

Sert. When brave *Perpenna* leads the coldest Soul
 With Emulative Virtue Flames, and courts
 The dismal't objects, and the sharpest fights;
 And when the noble Bird of *Jove* soars high,
 The Pyes, and flocks of chatt'ring Jayes disperse,
 Beat on the wing, and court the Mountains womb,
 And Rocky Cliffs, for Shelter. Give command
 The *Salij* enter, to perform those Rites
 Apt to the will of Heav'n, and lives of Men.

S C E N. XI.

An Altar discover'd. Enter the Flamen of Mars, attended by the Salij. While Sertorius and Perpenna stand on each side the Altar, is Sung this SONG.

In Erebus, and in the lowest shades,
 Of ancient Chaos, and old Kingdom Night,
 where the fierce Element of Fire ne'r fades,
 where horrors, and the Terrors of the sight
 The Pow'r's Immortal, tho' secure, affright:
 Thou, in the Genius of Alcides, Reign'd,
 And made the God-like Labors soon obtain'd.

Son of Juno, God of war,
 who in blood and death delights,
 which still adorn thy mighty Car,
 And fire the brave in fiercest fights;
 From Thrones Ethereal, see, O see,
 The strictest bonds of unity,
 Through Death and wounds offer'd to thee.

Here the Incense is lighted on the Altar; Sertorius and Perpenna
 shake hands over the smoke: the Salij Dancing a Warlike dance,
 to the honor of Mars.

Sert. Bebricius, hast to *Osca*; Summon all
 The Roman Orders, to the Sacred place
 Of *Jupiter Feretrius*: Thère assembled,
 In a full Senate, tell the Conscript Fathers,
 Sertorius leads their Pow'r to *Sucron* Fields;
 And Heav'n indulgent, with a mighty force
 Whom fam'd *Perpenna* to their Army joyns,
 Eager for fight, as famish'd men for food;
 Hasts to revenge on the Tyrannic Fo.

Then, to *Terentia* thy self address;
 Say, that *Sertorius* invocates the hours
 Swiftly to move the Orb which rules the Day,
 And fleetest Time coults tardy in his flight,
 Till the long'd minute ushers my return.

Bebr. None more can covet to obey, than I;
 Tho the great Goddess I adore comes on,
 Fiercest *Bellona*, whom in blood I court:
 But, such the Magic is which Friendship holds,
 I'll fly to *Osca* and neglekt the Day.

Perp. to Auf. Yet hold thy hasty steps, till *Cneius* speaks.
 Bring *Fulvia* hither, thou my best of Friends,
 In Battel often try'd, as Gold by fire,
 But far out-stripping *Plutus* Mines of Ore.
 Let me intreat the mighty man of War,
 When he the weakness of *Perpenna* knows,
 That he'd forget the frailty of that man
 Whose silent hours (if such the Great can know),

[Ex. Auf.
To Sert.

Arc

Are fetter'd with the Charms of pow'rful Love :
 Our Patron *Mars* oft, from his Seat of War,
 To Revel with the beauteous Queen of Love,
 Forgets his best-lov'd sound for soft embrace.
 But see, she coms ! now let her beauty plead.

SCEN. XII.

Fulvia, to them.

Sert. By *Venus* self, there's more than mortal in her !
Perpenna cannot err ; for joyes he reaps,
 The Amorous Gods would slight their gaudy Sky,
 And covet to enjoy her Heav'n of Love.

Perp. So Mortals to the Sacred Fane resort,
Latona's Son Invoking for success ;
 With greater heat, when Battel calls, go on,
 As in thy presence : such the pow'rful sway
 Of Beauty's Empire. Doubtful of my Fate,
 And from thy Tongue, as from an Oracle,
 Expect my Doom : *Pompey, Metellus*, brave
 The noblest *Roman* ; to whose Fate's ally'd
 All the remains *Perpenna* can command.

Ful. Absence, my *Cneius*, is the Lover's curse ;
 The Rack of Torture : yet, when Honor calls,
 Thy *Fulvia's* Rival, sense of Fame grows high,
 Pleads in thy cause, and for a space keeps down
 A floud of tears, which take their source from Love.
 The fate of Lovers should inseperate be ;
 But thou, the killing Terrors to our Sex
 Mak'st thy Companions ; and, in Arms, forget'st
 Thy sorrowing *Fulvia* : who, like *Niobe*,
 Could weep away the Being that I have.

Perp. Give not a birth to thoughts like these, my life ;
 For, when the Trumpet hastens to the Charge,
 Death broods upon my Sword, till from the Field
 Spred o're with slain, with Laurel Crown'd I hast
 To pay the glories at my *Fulvia's* feet.
 Thou, as the Treasure of my life, my Soul,
 Must hence to *Oscæ* : this brave Stranger here

And

And stout *Grecinus* wait the way.

Cass. aside. The envious Gods, which pleasure in our pain,
Have given the happy minute from my hope.
Oh, my *Terentia!* bloud nor death can lay
The mighty anguish that thy eyes have made.

Ful. One look, before I go, and that's the last:
The last of parting joys so much increase,
That I could gaze my very Soul away.

Perp. Such pow'r, the God pointed within that Ray,
Has chang'd the thought of Battel to desire,
And a few minutes would transform me quite

Sert. Sound Drums, and Trumpets; Rise, you noble Souls,
Fir'd with the harmony of sounds so sweet:
Let corage dictate, and your Swords out-do
The angry Fates. To Arms, my Friends; to Arms:
Oh, may the Fortune of the Day lay waste
The many mischiefs which attend on War,
While the kind Gods auspiciously afford
A blooming Peace, to Crown the Victor's Sword.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

F U L V I A.

NOT subtil Fire, from *Jove's Olympus* hurl'd
In Airy tracts to mortal eyes recluse,
Can be more deadly than the Plots I've form'd;
The old, the young; the dull *Saturnine* Soul,
And him whose lightness is *Silenus* like,
Wander the pleasant Maze; so form'd by thought,
And by the Magic of my beauty Charm'd:
So the dull Pilot from the Helm is drawn;
Rapt with the Extasy of sound, which bears
Inevitable bane, from *Syrens* Tongues.
Greatness, in my *Perpenna*, 'tis I aim;
And, while in Fields he steals the Soldiers hearts,
I'll make a greater conquest here at home.

SCEN.

SCEN. II.

Bebricius musing, Fulvia.

Bebr. Like Travellers, by light delusive led,
 I've wander'd from my reason, and have trod
 The mystic Labyrinth of mighty Love.
 Say then; *Bebricius*, she be virtuous, good,
 Stranger to thy requests, and cold as Ice!
 Let her be so; the coyest may be won:
 And shall I faint, when Paradise falls short
 To the blest joys which dwell upon her lips?
 Ha! she is here! I grow unto the Earth;
 And the unruly Devil prompts my Tongue. [Starts.
 Had I the Charms that Youth and Beauty bring,
 The pow'r of Gods, or of their Substitutes;
 To the Divinities which habit there,
 And make a Throne Celestial in those eyes,
 I'd prostrate all, and, with the gift, my self:
 But, void of these, how shall I frame my speech
 To merit pity? Say, thou beauteous Creature,
 If I offend, in saying that I loye?
 For, If I do, the World must err, like me;
 Worship those Eyes, as *Persians* do the Sun,
 And justly Idolize thy excellence.

Ful. *Bebricius* turn'd a Lover, at these years!
 Does the soft God captive the Man of War?

Bebr. Madam, he does; at vast expense he rules;
 Tributes my being, makes my heart his Seat:
 Ill Chance, to Camps and Martial deeds infur'd,
 Has taught my Tongue a harsh unpolish'd way;
 Yet Truth and Honesty, absent from Courts,
 Where gaudy Birds with borrow'd Feathers wing,
 Dwells in my language. Possibly you may,
 For I expect it, use me with neglect;
 Do more than Dagger's points could, wound:
 But I have said, and wait my Destiny.

Ful. Are you then serious? Was not all this form'd,

Invented, to delude the hours away ;
 The tedious hours ? For, Since *Perpenna*'s absence,
 Each day's delay appears an Age to me.

Bebr. Ev'n from the first which blest me with your sight,
 I've felt the pow'r of Beauty in my Brest,
 Languish'd in Torture, and have hug'd my chain :
Morphens could ne'r close up my eyes with rest,
 But your Idea Revel'd in my Soul.

Ful. Hold, Sir. This dialect does ill becom' -
 The Tongue of him I alwaies thought a Friend.
 Thus far, my Innocence will guard it self ;
 But farther, were a crime that unbefits
Perpenna's choice. Leave me, thou wretched man !
 I will not punish thee with ought, but Love,

Bebr. Know, cruel Fair, life without hope is Hell ;
 Wretched, as they who dwell in endless night :
 I dreaded the ill Fate, which did compel
 This doom from you. See, thou cruel Woman,
 And judg, by this, the wondrous pow'r of Love,

Ful. What means *Bebricius* ?

Bebr. Say, when I am dead,
Bebricius Life and Love were so unite.
 That Death it self fell short to seperate.
 If there be pathis the Soul when banish'd treads,
 Whether on burning *Phlegeton*, or *Styx* ;
 Upon the flaming Shores I'll call on thee,
 And make thy Spirit lose all mortal bliss,
 Rack'd with the Sympathy of pains like mine.

Ful. Hold, barbarous man. Is't not enough I heard,
 And in it suffer'd ; but thou threat'st my Fame :
 When vulgar crouds, not promt to judg, speak loud,
 Enlarge Report, spread wide her Airy wings,
 With seeming Subjects blazing Infamy ?
 If thou dost love, in death it self, the Soul,
 Th' essential Seat of the Divinity,
 Still cares, with danger of the living's fate :
 And wilt thou wound in death, what living thou
 Ador'st ?

Bebr. Rather than suffer pains beyond all speech,

Languish in Torture to Eternity,
 I'll liye to merit: but when stranger thoughts
 Do find a gentle passlage in your brest,
 Oh, let the memory of your Slave appear
 A pitying object, suing for relief.

Ful. Death waiting on a Lover's words, till now
 I've been a stranger to; you've ta'ne a way
 To merit pity: what th' effects may be,
 I dare not gues; but Time will lighten all!

Bebr. So Gods, when mortals doom'd to Shades below,
 Revoke the Sentence of the sinking Soul,
 And give a glimsp of Heav'n unto their sight,
 To banish from the thought the fears of Night.

Exeunt.

S C E N. III.

Cassius, Terentia.

Cass. From Fortune's *Minion*, sorrowing *Cassius* comes,
 Where Slaughter gluts upon the Bodies slain,
 Pastime and sport, to the rough Sons of War;
 Sensless to me the gaudy feast appear'd;
 For here, within my brest, I feell a grief
 That makes a Fiction of the *Vulture*'s gripe:
 Yet, when *Sertorius* spoke, with hast I fled,
 To pay the duty of a Friend and Lover;
 And felt a kind of easel in his Commands.

Ter. Has the indulgent Gods then heard my pray'rs?
 Lives he, secure of wounds from envious men?
 Say, noble *Cassius*, and delight my sense.

Cass. None worthy fear; the badges of his Fame,
 Which mark'd him Hers; then took an Airy flight,
 Swell'd with the Greatness, mesures out the Earth,
 And makes the Heav'ns too little for her head.

Ter. How has th' ignoble passion froze my bloud;
 And, from the height of joyes, hurl'd headlong down
 Too forward Hope! Gods, is he wounded then?
 His mind's so great, slighting the honor'd breach,
 Death, like a Thief, may steal away his life.

Cass.

Cass. Oh, Madam, doom me not the Harbinger
Of woes so killing, 'less within my self:
His Fate's beyond the reach of vulgar men ;
Who suffer, meriting a kind belief,
But vanish at his Name: As when the Sun
Mounts up *Olympus* hill, the spangled Lights
Shrink in their Beams, and disappear, till Night
Calls forth her Ornaments.

Ter. Let's hast ; let's fly ;
Add wings unto our steps: forget the name
Which breeds Impatience in a Lover's brest.

Cass. (To the wide Region of the Air I speak :
Like *Tantalus*, see that which flies my hast,
And leaves me Tortur'd with the cruel thought.)

[Aside.]

Ter. Why stay we here, and not attend the Triumph ?
Press to his sight, and use a Lover's hast.

Cass. We, Madam, move within a diff'rent Sphere ;
A *Venus*, you ; and a dull *Saturn*, I :
Yet willingly, to meet a Friend like him.
Swift would the motion be ; but all within
Is lost, in viewing of an object, hid
To vulgar eyes : but, to my Optics, plain
As Night from Day. (Her Innocence destroys,
Faster than thought can form a glimps of hope !)

Ter. You speak a Dialect that's mystic, *Cassius* ;
And show the mighty change from what you were :
For words confus'd betray an inward grief.
Now, by *Sertorius*, pity rules my brest ;
And, did not expectation of his sight
Raise high my Soul, I should Conjure thee now
By the strict bonds of Friendship, to reveal
What works this change : for, *Cassius*, I perceive
That words imperfect habit in thy speech.
Sometimes, thy bloud flushes upon thy cheeks ;
Seeming to speak, thou check'st the hasty sound,
Changest complexion to the palest hue.

Cass. The Gods themselves may, from Divinity,
Unfold the *Adamantine* leaves of Fate,
But there the name of *Cassius* is imprest

So light, that wand'ring Pow'rs the object view,
Shunning the Sight, sinks through the mystic Writ.
Each hour I languish, and my pain's confin'd
To th' Center of my Sense ; Racks torture less:
Yet, such the will of Heav'n, that I must live,
Still view at distance all the Heav'n I wish,
Dumb to request a helping, pitying hand,
Whose very touch would, by a pow'r Divine,
Pass through it's virtue to a bleeding heart.

Ter. What God hast thou offended, who should thus
Command *Megæra* to let loose a Snake?
But tell me, *Cassius* ; when my *Quintus* comes,
From the *Penates* to the *sylvan* crowd,
Or from the height of Heav'n to th' depth of Hell,
Not one we'll leave unsought, or uninvok'd.

Cass. Nor Gods, nor Men, did *Cassius* e're offend,
In Honor, or in Virtue: should I loose
The stubborn Reins which guide our human will,
I might have ease; but on it there attends
A greater plague; Death, which gives ease to all,
Will leave me restless in my Urn. But see !
The *Lusitanians* crowd to wait his sight.
Now must this light of mine for darkness change.

Ter. Such is the pow'r of Friendship, that I've lost
The splendid thought which brings *Sertorius* home.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N. IV.

Sertorius, in *Triumph*, crown'd with *Laurel*; attended by *Perpenna*, *Aufidius*, *Manlius*, *Grassus*, *Ligurius*, *Decius*; They alight from the Chariots.

Sert. The Gods the justness of our Cause have shown,
And made the Air direct the Darts we flung,
While Victory did hover o'r our Arms.
Pompey, whose rashness spur'd him on to fight,
Thinking that Fortune, which he elsewhere found,
Lacquy'd him here; but the constant Dame,
Viewing the mighty havock that we made,
Slighted his youth, and fled unto our *Camp*.

Perp.

Perp. Memnus no more shall boast his mighty deeds,
 Unless in the Infernal Shades, whose Shores
 Swarm with the wretched Ghosts of *Romans* slain ;
 That *Charon*, groaning with the mighty toyl,
 Calls for more aid of *Pluto*, and bemoans
 His endless labor. Where's *Rome*'s General now ?
 Where fled to hide himself ? He's bound to bless
 The gaudy Trappings which adorn'd his Horse,
 Whose sparkling Gems dazled the barbarous eyes
 Fix'd on the object ; h' had been Captive else :
Metellus force came timely to his aid.

Sert. It did, *Perpenna* ; else we' had whipt him home,
 Wailing his loss, unto his Patron *Sylla*.
 But, when he views the Slaughter we have made,
 The num'rous Slain, whichly as Autumn leaves ;
 He'l find destruction waits upon our Swords,
 And, when he fights with us, he Combats Fate.

S C E N. V.

Bebricius, and two Ambassadors, to Sertorius, &c.

Bebr. Welcom, thou great Triumpher over *Rome*,
 Whose Sword chastises her Tyrannic brood ;
 The Hinds of Fortune, when thou sound'ft to Arms :
 See how thy Fame has wing'd, and won the brest
 Of *Mithridates*, who thy Friendship courts ;
 That untam'd Prince, made for the *Roman* Scourge,
 Whose Empire's spacious, and his pow'r as great.

1. Amb. Hail mighty Warrior ! great as *Hanibal* !
 Thy Name at distance does such terror breed
 As when his Camp was in the sight of *Rome*.
 The Lord of Kingdoms does, by us, intreat
Sertorius to his aid : which if he gains,
Pyrrhus, whose deeds were dreadful in the East,
 Shall prove but Infant to his killing Sword,
 Inur'd to battel, and to Slaughter bred ;
 Witness the dreadful dayes when it appear'd,
 Say thou accept'ft this offer, it again

Shall

Shall act new wonders, and make big the Air:
 Then, meeting with the sound thy deeds create,
 Unite into a Terror, dread as Death,
 And threaten everlasting night to *Rome*.

2. *Amb.* If *Asia*, torn by *Sylla* from his Rule,
 Thou wilt give back again to his command ;
 Five thousand Talents of the purest Gold,
 And forty Sail of well-built Ships of War,
 Whose Prows are Arm'd with mighty beaks of Steel,
 Shall plough th' *Atlantic* Ocean. and be thine :
 Under thy Banners shall his Subjects march ;
 And *Mithridates*, proud of thy Ally,
 Own thee Superior both on Sea and Land.

Sert. Tell *Mithridates*, *Cappadocia*,
 And the *Bithynian* Realms, are his again ;
 But what the *Romans* won by force of Arms,
 I cannot in my Honor give away ;
 Or, from that Empire, lop a member off
 Which *Fimbria* won : I'll pledge my faith to him
 As far as Honor will permit, no more ;
 For I will cease to be, e're do a deed
 That may disgrace the actions of my life.
Bebricius, see 'em honorably us'd.
 If, on the Terms propos'd, your King agrees,
 Or your Commissions authorize your pow'r,
 We shall assist him as our Friend : This day
 We give our selves to pleasure ; but the next
 Is for the safety of this Common-wealth.

Perp. (Surely the Gods strive to out-vye in gifts ;
 And all Mankind, not worthy of their care,
 Must climb the Precipice of Fortune's wheel,
 While blindly here she largely gives away.)

S. C. E. N. VI.

Terentia, to Sertorius, &c.

Sertorius runs
 to, and embrac-
 ces her.

Sert. More pleasure Gods, you by this object give,
 Than all the glories that I've won in fight !

To

To know I'm lov'd by thee, exceeds the joyes
 Of bliss eternal. 'Twas to Heav'n thou pray'dst,
 And the just Pow'rs could no denial make ;
 From the *Olympic* Mansions of the Sky,
 Dropt down a Laurel to adorn my Fair.

Ter. Let it find credit in *Sertorius* brest,
 That in thy absence, as bereav'd of Soul,
 My spirit hover'd round about thy head :
 Still beg'd of *Jove*, in an Etherial sound,
 To break the edge of every Sword, that bore
 Death in it's point. Oh, my *Sertorius* ! now,
 If tongue can utter, or delight can form,
 I feel an Extasy above all thought.

They seem to discourse with Cassius.

Perp. to the See how the poyson swells, my *Roman Friends* !

Romans. Do not their plaudits grow within his brest ?
 By Heav'n, we 'tend, like Slaves, upon this Tyrant,
 Unworthy notice : while the vulgar croud
 Shout up his name to Heav'n, and frighten *Jove*.

S C E N. VII.

Bebricius, to Sertorius, &c.

Bebr. Fulvia, Perpenna, sorrowing thy delay,
 Has felt the stroke of sickness ; but thy sight
 (So she comman'd tell thee) brings her health.

Perp. Ha ! is she ill ? (She has the Signal sent
 Of her success ; but I must hide my joyes !)
 You Gods, averse to all that's great in me,
 Why wound you so ? Let Triumph, Honor, all
 Perish within the thought, e're I delay
 A minute longer. 'Sdeath, my Gall will burst !
Aufidius, Manlius, found the depth of Fate ;
 Take all my wishes with you : from this hour
 We ether make, or lose all future joyes.

[Exit.

[*Bebr. and Cass. whisper to Sertorius.*

Auf. What makes you study, *Crassus* ? Is't this sight ?
 Or is it that the Croud, neglecting us,
 Pay all their Vows to him ?

Crass.

Crass. I know not what
Tumults within ; but yet 'twere not amiss
They thank'd us, for the wounds we got in fight.

Man. *Ligurius ! Decius !* why d'ye bite your lips ?
Why with your looks into an angry frown ?

Lig. 'Twas nothing, *Manlius*, but a sullen thought ?

Dec. Mine was the same ; but, see, we are observ'd !

Sert. You noble *Lusitanians*, all are bound
To pay the glories of the Day to him,
The brave *Perpenna*, who deserves your vows :
Not in the VVar of Heav'n, when Godheads Arm'd
And shook the mighty Empire of the Sky,
Did the Cyclopien bolts out-do his Sword.

Terentia, thou, whose longing eyes behold
Thy *Quintus* safety, ought to thank him for't.
VVhen bold *Aquinius*, circled round with Fate,
Like the Controller of the Destinies,
He forc'd his way : and the ambitious man,
Proud of the growing Glories of the Day,
Fell from th' usurped Chariot of the Sun.

Ter. 'Tis thou, my life, that dost inspire my tongue
VVith thanks, as to a saving Pow'r. Oh, where
Had thy *Terentia* been, when Heav'n and Earth,
One trembling, t'other Echoing with fierce sounds,
And Gods impartial throng'd to view the fight,
If the barbarity of him thou sav'dst
Had made a breach in life ? Show me the man,
That with an obligation infinite
Has freed my fears, and blest my eyes again.

Auf. Proud of the honor, fighting by thy side,
And glorying in the objects form'd by thee,
A servant to thy Fame ; *Perpenna* said,
When hastening to embrace whom sickness made
A stranger to the splendid Scene, his *Fulvia* ;
That nought but all the Treasure of his love
Could, in the lucky minute of his life,
Cause any separation from his Friend.

Sert. VVhat said *Aufidius* ? is *Fulvia* sick ?
Can so much beauty temt the Gods to Fate ?

Appollo Pythius, minister her health ;
 Summon the followers of the *Delphic God*,
 And, with them, tell *Perpenna* how I grieve
 At this sinister period of our joyes.

Ter. Good Heav'n, defend ! what is't I hear ? you Gods ;
 Can then *Sertorius* bow to any Shrine
 Than what so oft he has sworn by ? am I then
 Lost in the novelty ? So bliss, when reapt,
 Serves only to delight in absent thought.

Sert. By Heav'n, the Vestal fire is not more pure,
 Than what my heart does offer up to thee,
 The Altar of thy Love, thy Beauty's Throne ;
 Where thoughts take birth, as Gold by fire Refin'd.
 Can I in Friendship then commit a crime,
 Sorrowing that loss which might have been our own ?
 Honor commands a Sympathy in grief :
 But Love, the noble passion of the Soul,
 Does in the glass reflect upon it self,
 And while it views inflames the Element.

Ter. Forgive me, *Quintus* : such 'the tender seat
 Where Love's enthron'd, such jealousies, such cares
 'Tend on the Passion, that we tread the Maze,
 And wander in the Labyrinth of thought,
 When the Idea by our Fancy rais'd
 Proves Rebel, and with Jealousy unites :
 But now, inlightned by thy words, I feel
 Joy in thy presence ; with thee Sympathize.

Sert. Lead forward, Friends, you Sinews of the War,
 In shape like Men, but in your deeds like Gods ;
 Divide the Spoils, and Reign for ever here :
 While to the Pow'r's Divine we celebrate
 Thanks, suting to the Glories we have won ;
 Perfume the locks of the now setting Sun.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Cassius Solus.

I FIND my self o'r-pow'r'd, my Reason gon,
The Magic of the Soul has left its sound ;
Bereav'd of all the noble *Roman*, now
I walk, and breath pollution to the Air ;
Such as might well infect the Antidote :
But like that *Roman*, viewing round his Fate,
Suddenly down the dreadful *Gemianies*,
Preventing the defame of common hands,
Met boldly with his Fate, and brave in death,
Thou, *Cassius*, must at once, (hard Fortune thine !)
Be thy Accuser, Judg, and Murderer,
In death to wipe the scandal from thy Fame,
That, when thy Earthly part's sublim'd with Fire,
Thy Spirit rarify'd, may see thy Urn
Water'd with tears, and hear thy story told.

S C E N. II.

Terentia, Cassius.

Ter. Trust me, thou *Roman*, I lament thy Fate,
Which hurries thee, in paths obscure to us,
Thus to consume : thou seem'st a walking Ghost,
And, like a Spirit, covet'st lonely Shades ;
There breath'st complaints ; while thy lamenting Friends
Beg, and intreat thou would'st admit of cure :
With folded arms, and looks which shoot themselves
Into the Earth, thou sigh'st denial out.
Hither I've trac'd thee, and resolve to know
If there be Pow'r in Friendship ; or the Name
But Fiction.

Cass. Oh, thou excellently Fair !
Yet from that excellence my griefs proceed,

Did

Did I not feel my Fate grasp fast my life ;
Dumb to my woes, as they by Nature made,
I'd sink into my Urn.

Ter. Bless me, you Pow'rs ! What have I done ? what horrid crime committed,
To make a Friend wither, with thought, to shade ;
The gift of Gods in life ? Oh, *Cassius*, tell,
That, with the hast of Penitents, I fly
Unto the pitying Gods, which hover o'er
Their holy Mansions : say what Sacrifice,
What Vows, what Incense may atone their Ire ;
For I shall never taste of peace or rest
Till I, the Cause, have quieted thy grief.

Cass. White, as the thought of Innocence, thou art ;
Pure, like the first Creation, from all guilt ;
That takes it source from the internal frame ?
Yet, tho attended, circled round with gifts,
The only Jewel of Heav'n's Treasury,
Such is the violence of head-strong Fate,
I covet—(Oh, how th' unwilling Soul,
Just on the brink of ruin, all confus'd,
Casts a sad look upon her long-lov'd seat,
E're for Immortal change she takes her flight !)

Ter. Oh, free me, *Cassius*, from these doubts and fears,
Which make a Winter's storm within my blood.
Did I not call upon *Sextorius* love
To raise my Soul, deprest with such a weight,
Sure I should sink in Sorrow's vast Abyss,

Cass. You have commanded, and I will obey :
Free you from this ; but fear a second storm,
More dreadful, and more just. You call'd on Love !
That raises you ; but sinks me down to Hell :
For what, but Love, could thus effect a change ;
Transform me from the being that I had ?

Ter. I am amaz'd ! what is't that *Cassius* means ?

Cass. But, oh ! when, naming Love, I view that face,
Like him who, gazing on the works of Heav'n,
Lost life in admiration of the Object !
Pity me, Fair ; tho justly you condemn !

And, when I say 'tis you that I adore,
 For you thus wither,—and thus lose my self ; [stabs himself.
 Say, in my death, That Honor to my Friend
 Held a contest with Love, and master'd it.

Ter. Help, help the wretched ; who, distract with pain,
 Has sheath'd his killing Dagger in his brest.

Enter her women.

Oh, run, *Camilla* ; call the Sons of Art,
 To stay this deluge ; in which Life does hast
 To find a passage.

Cass. In vain is human help.

Let me, in death, Adore ; and shoot my Soul,
 Viewing thy face, into *Elizium* shades.
 Forgive the boldness of my love : tho Death
 Coms swiftly on ; yet, ere the latest blast,
 Let me intreat you'l to my memory
 (How-e're you hate me now) be pitiful.

S C E N. III.

Sertorius, Terentia, Cassius.

Sert. Who was't that call'd for help ?—Ha ! 'tis my self,
 To bear with patience such a sight as this !
 Gods, you're unkind ; more cruel, than she's false !
 By Heav'n, She weeps, and baths him with her tears !
 Oh, the inconstancy of all the Sex ;
 That damns the living, and torments the dead !
 I will retire from hence ; and wish I could
 Forget I e're had being.

Ter. Oh, my Lord,
 Stay you so long without a helping hand ?

Sert. Ha ! by Heav'n, she'd make a Property of me !
 Death, Hell, and Furies, 'tis too much to bear.

Ter. See here, my Lord, the noble *Cassius* slain.

Sert. What said'it thou ? *Cassius* dying ? How the word
 Has calm'd the passion, at the name of Friend !

So the Earth's vapors, when the Sun appears,
Dissolve to Dew: Oh, *Cassius*! Oh, my Friend!
Tell me, how came this wound imprinted here?

Cass. Give me your hand; and swear forgiveness to me.

Sert. By all the Gods, I do.

Cass. Then I shall dy

Freed of the bitter anguish of the mind.
I have offended, but it was in thought;
'Twas the ill bloud rebell'd within my Veins:
But from the sluces I have loos'd the slave,
And dy a *Roman*; yet my Rebel eyes
Will fix upon the Object of my Soul,
Now plunging o'r the mighty Main of Death.

Dyes.

Sert. Forbear, thou saucy Tyrant, for a while;
If thou want'st Subjects for thy eager maw,
I'll give thee thousands, spare me but this one:
He's gon, he's gon; the fleeting Soul has past
The bounds of life! Night, out of Chaos take
The blackest of thy Wardrobe, thrust back day,
That all the World may mourn in endless Darknes.
Weep on, *Terentia*: for thy tears, like Balm,
Will please his *Manes*, and allay my grief.

Takeup the Body, and erect a Pile
Great as a *Pyramid*: from the blest, look down,
And see thy last of Rites. Oh, might there rise
Another *Phænix* from the Sacrifice.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N. I V.

Fulvia, Perpenna.

Ful. The angry Fates now croud to serve our will;
Lest they should want in mischief, as in pow'r:
Ligurius, Decius, are my Profelytes,
Greedily swallow up the gilded bait,
And hurry on to ruin. But, I fear,
Bebrius Friendship will admit no change
For, tho he loves, and to the height of passion,
In his rough Soul such Honor is imprest,

He 1

He'll sooner turn Apostate unto Love
Than derogate from him who fills his praise,

Perp. *Crassus*, *Norbanus*, and *Tribunius* come,
With many more inclined unto our Faction:
The lightest Souls thou hast already fir'd,
While the consid'ring Fools are catch'd by me:
Norbanus honor, nor the Tribune-ship
Which *Crassus* has, nor fam'd *Tribunius* charge,
Are strong enough against th' assaults I make.

Ful. What doom you of *Bebricius*?

Perp. He must dy.

Ful. Then, let him dy: but shall he fall, before
The Tragedy intended?

Perp. Yes, he must:

Lest he betray us to that Fiend *Sertorius*.

Ful. I think, 'twere better that you let him fall
Associate with the mighty Deity
He Idolizes: let 'em mount together;
And, erring from the slipp'ry paths of Heav'n,
Sink headlong down, into eternal Night.

Perp. Retire, my Fair, and invoke of Chance
To cease the motion of her giddy Wheel,
Till I have fixt the Engins of his Fate.
Answer me, *Joye*, in Thunder, if that man
To greatness born, by interposing Fate
Headlong flung down th' aspiring Precipice,
Yet lab'ring to regain the mighty top,
Views round the spacious Empire of his toil;
Can any guile or fraud asperse his fame
Who makes his opposite his step to mount?
If thou darst answer me, I wil speak aloud
That *Romulus*, the man thou snatch'd from Earth
To Deify, forgetting tyes of bloud,
Remov'd his Brother, to secure his Rule.
I dare as much, and court thee in my deeds,
Tho ill, yet great, and offer 'em to thee;
For thou, with thoughts *Olympic* fir'st the brave,
Lifts 'em from Earth into the middle sky,
And points 'em out the Regions of the World!

[Exit. Fulvia.]

'Tis

'Tis thee I invocate ; and wish I could
(As once unto *Lycaon's* House thou did'st)
Turn all into a Flame, and Nature change.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there are many Gentlemen without
That wait admittance.

Perp. Go, conduct 'em in :
They're the *Conspirators*.

Exit. Servant.

S C E N. V.

Crassus, Ligurius, Norbanus, Decius, Tribunius ; to Perpenna.

Trib. Hail, noble *Roman* !

Crass. Hail noble *Cneius* !

Lig.

Dec. } Hail the great *Perpenna* !

Nor.

Perp. The *Omen's* well, that, with a mind unite
To carry on this great deliv'ering work,
We here are met, as at a Signal given :

Tribunius, Crassus, and Ligurius,
Norbanus, and good Decius, use no speech ;
But seat your selves. Now, *Roman* Lords, and Friends,

Once great in Fortune, not in empty sound ;

The all that we enjoy ; tho we may feign,

Like melancholy men who Reign in thought,

Revel in joyes, the meer *Idea's* form'd

From Fancy, wrought into a height by words,

But the effect is Air : Can you, my Friends,

Tho we may credit, in our fulness, things

Which stupid ease creates, be or secure or great ?

We call our selves a Senate, and beget

Thoughts we are truly so. *Sertorius* says,

When barbarous *Gaul's* sack'd *Rome* and lay'd it wast,

Camillus unto *Veii* made retreat,

Gave out, that *Rome* it self was thither mov'd ;

And,

HO
And, for the confirmation, added this :

" Where e're the Senate was, there *Rome* was still ;
Alluding to our abject States, to please
A few, once Senators, now Exil'd men.
Say then, if *Cneius* may be bold to speak
The plainest of his thoughts.

Nor. You have, *Perpenna*.

Craſſ. VV' expect from thee, as from an Oracle.

Lig. Speak free, *Perpenna* ; for thou art our Fate.

Perp. Say we have fought, and gain'd a Victory,
If I may call it so ; but which of you,
From public hands receiv'd the benefit ?
Or did the Croud eccho your names from far ;
Or to your Houses carry you with shouts ?
If any such be here, then I am mute.

Omnēs. None ; none, *Perpenna*.

Perp. Know you why it was ?

For great *Sertorius*, like a boundless Sea,
Swallows the many Riv'lets in his Main.

VVhich of your Swords cut not as deep as His ?
I saw you fight, and stood amaz'd at it.
VVhat have the Barbarous giv'n you in return
For such expense ? If praise will cure your wounds,
The Soldier's purchase ; whether since, or no,
They've thought you worthy merit ?

Trib. VVe all fought :

They look'd upon us, rais'd a shout, and cry'd,
The Gods reward the noble *Roman* Chiefs.

Perp. I, there it is ; the Gods must pay you thanks,
VVhile, like a Tyrant, he ingrosses all ;
And leaves us not our fame. But now I'll hast
To search our hidden griefs. *Sertorius* says
Sylla's a Fury ; truly, so it seems,
For, maugre all opposers, still he Rules ;
His Fame mounts with the Chariot of the Sun,
Rises and sets with his Etherial light :
Yet we despise him, and contemn his pow'r,
Content with sound, and lull'd with flattery,
Is not the beaten *Pompey* at our walls ?

Has

Has not *Metellus* joyn'd him? nay, has not
Sylla threatn'd to be here? yet we sleep,
Surrounded with these dangers. Noble Friends,
If any of you think I use this speech
To alienate your Loyalty; of form
Language that bears a bane unto your worths;
Speak, and *Perpenna* shall be ever mute.

Liz. Th' hast freed us from the *Lethargie*, and added
Long-absent heat: Go on, thou noble *Roman*,
Who, while we slept, beheld our certain *Fate*.

Perp. This City, which, to *Rome*, is like a Star
In magnitude, unto the Moon at full,
He calls *New Rome*; the Superstitious Croud,
Pleas'd with Novelty, count him a God:
And pay him Adoration. Don't we find,
While we exclaim 'gainst *Sylla*, *Sylla* here?
Here, in *Sertorius*? is he not Lord of Rule?
Does he not write himself Dictator too?
Saves, or destroys? are not his words as Laws?
And, tho he Lures us with the name of Friends,
Are we not under his Authority?
When I consider, noble *Romans*, *Jove*
Rive me with Thunder, if it irks me not,
To see our selves thus, by our selves, deceiv'd.

Nor. Thou'st read the mystic Character of Fate,
And found the number of the Sacred Writ:
Now lead the path, remote from Slavery.

Perp. I were not, *Romans*, worthy of your loves,
Could I not shun, as well as see the danger.
Consider, Friends, now, as your latest choice;
For Freedom is't, or Slavery we toil?
If Freedom we desire, as I believe
No *Roman* breaths a Soul, or holds a Life
Worthy enjoying, without the blessed Name;
It must be (pardon me, for Gods command)
By blood: Nay, start not, worthy *Roman* Friends;
We all must suffer, if he lives; if dyes,
We've all the World to rove in, or divide
The Provinces amongst us. Old *Metellus*

Will sign our own Conditions ; *Sylla* courts us :
Lest, staying in their pow'r, we joyn with *Pompey* ;
Whom, well I know that, he both hates and fears.
Speak then, my Friends, and ease me from my doubts :
If, by my freeness, I am odious grown ;
This hand, which willingly should aid your cause,
Shall ease me of the weight of life I bear.

Trib. Qst have I serv'd him, in the fiercest fights,
And think no man e're courted more his love ;
But, since the general good requires his fall,
I willingly assent to't. (*Craff.*) So do I.

Nor. }

Lig. } And all.

Dec.

Perp. Give me your hands. First yours, *Ligurius* ;
Now, noble *Tribune*, yours ; honor'd *Norbanus* :
Tribunius, tho last, yet Chief of all.
Since Heav'n has put into our hands a Shield,
To ward the body from distress, Oh, Friends,
Watchful with cares, retiring to the Cave
Sacred to Fortune, which in *Gaul* I found,
Off'ring the Sacred Rites, lo, from her mouth
This sound was heard : " Awake, thou sleepy man,
" And dissipate those heavy clods of Earth,
" Whose pitchy vapors do, like *Meteors*, hang
" About thy Soul ; Gods have decreed the fall
" Of proud *Sertorius*, and have chose thee out
" To free the *Romans* from their Slavish State :
" I'll move before thee, and prepare thy way ;
" Into their minds instil the lost desire
" Of Liberty. This said, the God was mute.
By the concurrence, well I know the pow'r
That the indulgent Gods unto our Fates
By this effect have giv'n. Death is the word ;
But how, and when, and where, you noble *Romans*,
Shall this great Act which gives us Liberty,
By Gods commanded, be by us perform'd ?

Trib. Fortune has chose thee out to lead us on ;
Thou, who conversest with a Deity,

In my opinion, ought to be our Head.

Craff. Perpenna's thoughtful, wise, and valiant;
Bends all his Study for the *Roman* good;
And, in this cause, must lead us forth to act.

Nor. Do, noble *Cneius*; for we're vow'd to thee:
Point out the way, tho' circled with the Fates,
We'd gain the prize, or perish in th' attempt.

Perp. Secure in all your loves, I dare disclose
The secrets of my brest; and form a way
Subtil and sure, as what the Gods Decree.
What think you, Friends, if that he fall this night,
Deluded with a Tale of Victory?

I have the Engins ready for the work;
The fire is kindled, and the Forge compleat:
And we the many hands to batter down
This vast *Colossus*. But, with him, must fall
Bebricius; who, with jealous eyes, inspects
Into the very marrow of our Plot:
The real *Argus*; and a trusty Villain.

Trib. Delay is dangerous; since we are confirm'd,
Why should our Swords, ready to act our wills,
Grow to the Scabbards? Freedom is the prize
For which we fight: now, in the face of Day,
The Sun should view the glory of the deed.

Perp. Brave Spirit! that's so forward in the Cause,
Signal from Heav'n to fan us into flame!
But that the Gods decree it otherwise,
Blest would my *Optics* be, to see thy Sword
Hew Slavery in pieces. This I've thought;
When high in hope, pleas'd with the splendid Tale
Of Vict'ry, won from *Sylla*'s Officers:
He sups with me to night; and that's his last.
The *Lusitanian* who admires him so
As the dull Clown the Thunder-making God,
Not knowing that the warring Elements
Create the same without the Thund'r'er's hands,
Must with him fall. Draw all your Swords. Now swear,
By all the Pow'rs which sat when Man was made;
By all the Beings abstract from those Po'wrs,

Sea, Air, and Fire; by day, and Erebus;
And by th' Eternal Flames of Pluto's Realm:
When Time the happy minute points out,
You Swords cut deep into the Monster's heart.

Omnes. We swear.

Perp. Methinks, I see the Landscape of his Fate,
By angry Demons, stretch'd to a full length;
While the pleas'd Gods their heav'nly Curtains draw,
And from the Christal Casements of the Sky
With purer light Illuminate the Moon,
Pale with the greatness of the glorious deed
Which makes an Empire, and subverts a State,
And, from my breath, forms the Decrees of Fate.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T. V. S C E N. I.

Bebricius, Sertorius.

Bebr. **I**F the Decrees of Jove, in Thunder spoke,
Or the sad Character of warring Gods,
In ample Prodigies inlarge themselves;
You must not hence, unless unto your Fate:
Osca, till now, was stranger to these sights,
Which fright the vulgar, and confound the wise.
Last night, when Horror did in darkness Reign,
When Graves gave up their dead to trace the Earth,
And the unquiet Ghosts, as robb'd of rest,
With horrid Schreams and howlings of the Damn'd,
Fill'd every Soul with terror of the change:
Our Priests (as when Neptune his Trident struck
The angry Element, and call'd the Springs
To vomit up a Deluge o're the Earth,)
To every Pow'r Divine they Sacrifice;
While angry Heav'n in Thunder drowns their Pray'rs
And with repeated Storms, does threaten end
To the World's frame.

Sert. 'Tis strange indeed, *Bebricius*;

But,

But, if the Gods Decree the final change,
 Why should we dread what first or last will com ?
Jove, from the Earth, form'd us to what we are ;
 Infus'd a noble fire within our Souls,
 Whose heat gave life, and wrought our stupid Sense
 Unto the glorious actions, which create
 Envy in Gods, and Honor in us Men,
 And makes our Fame out-live us in our deeds.

Bebr. That Glory is the Soul of noble men
 Living to merit, justly I believe ;
 But when on Earth, as once was 'gainst the Heav'ns
 The Beings which from *Chaos* were produc'd.
 Rose in Rebellion 'gainst the Lord of all :
 The kinder Gods, by glorious actions won,
 Speak loud, as far as Fate will give 'em leave,
 To save the mortal lov'd from sudden harm.

Sert. Thou would'st persuade me then, that this portends
 Danger to me ; pointed to me alone ?
 Would'st in my brest infuse I know not what,
 And make me Subject to an idle fear ?

Bebr. The Gods declare, that we may shun that Storm
 Which gathers in the Wind, and threats from far :
 Not with a Natural war divides the Clouds ;
 But, speaking, forms a Thunder with his voice ;
 Which, did not Fate oppose, would Echo here
 The Revolutions known in Skyes above.
 I, as a Prophet, and by Friendship fir'd,
 Swell with the object ; which my thoughts unravel :
 And now, the visits, vail'd by Night and shame,
 Appear at full ; made by *Perpenna*'s guile :
Craesus, *Ligurius*, could not shun my sight,
 Tho wing'd by fear, and muffled with their Cloaks ;
 'Twas there I hous'd 'em ; and am confident
 A nest of Villains brood within the walls.

Sert. It is impossible. Can they, my Friends,
 Equal in greatness and in pow'r, as when
Marius did awe in *Rome*, contrive the fall
 Of him who rais'd 'em to that height of pow'r.

They

They now enjoy ? Persuade me to believe
 The melancholy which *Norbanus* bears
 Deep in his blood, prompts him to change ! Oh, no :
 They court the lonely places, and do hate
 Human Society, the joy of Earth !
 Or that *Ligurius* lightness in discourse
 May give occasion to distrust him ! I've,
 In numerous dangers, seen him act as far
 As the loud-talking Hero of the Field.
Tribunius merit rais'd him to that seat
 Which now he holds ; next thee, and my dead *Gassius*,
 The man I prize ; Can these my best of Friends,
 Conspire against the man that they divide ?

Bebr. Pray Heav'n the Nation feel not the effects.
 This I am sure, There is no good intended,
 For, when I was devoted unto Love,
 Admir'd the beauteous creature of her Sex,
 That *Sodom* Apple, whose fair outside temts
 Death in the last, Plots and contrives like Fate,
 Has numerous visitants of hot-brain'd youth,
 Coveting danger for a smile from her ;
Decius, the chief, who leads the pleasing Maze ;
 While she, adora'd like *Venus*, shoots her beams
 Into their Souls ; which in a mighty blaze,
 As subject Flames commanded by the Winds,
 Threatens destruction : Can *Sertorius* think
Perpenna ign'rant of this work of Night ?
 No ; I have seen him, unconcern'd, behold
 Such amorous glances, and such liberty,
 With his fair Wife ; that, were it not design'd
 To lure 'em with the specious bait of Beauty,
 It were above an honest man to bear.

Sert. The ag'd, *Bebricius*, always look on youth
 With thoughts of danger and of Jealousy ;
 And, from the gayness (which they think adorns,)
 That makes 'em light and Airy in their Meen,
 Take too severe a judgment. Oh, Friend ! in Love
 We know not what we say ; but if the Sex
 Command a deed ignoble, then the brave

Shake off the Fetters of the Amorous God,
And loath the object which affected change.

Bebr. 'Tis fix'd in Fate. Sooner the Adamant,
By vernal dew, shall all its hardness lose ;
Than the lost minute call from hoary Time,
Whose Scythe has cut deep into ignorance.
'Tis not my fault, you Gods ; for, as a Friend,
And call'd to speak, I've utter'd every thought.
Hast then, *Sertorius*, struggle with thy Fate,
Roar like a Lyon catch'd within the ToyL
Neglecting the poor Beast that gave him warning :
Then, when inclos'd, I'll summon all my strength ;
Or set thee free, or perish in the Snare.

Sert. Something thou'st said, like Ice, sits chilling here ;
And the rash thought, tho light as Air before,
Now, like a weight hurl'd in som quiet stream,
In many circles wreaths th' adjacent floud,
And from the bottom raises flakes of Ouze :
The clearness of my mind, once void of fear,
Thou hast infected with the poys'nous sound.
Oh Doubt, that tortur'st more than points of Swords !
By Heav'n, these shapes of fear, these dreams of night,
Thus I discard, for ever banish hence,
And live above the reach of envious men.

S C E N. II.

Terentia, Sertorius, Bebricins.

Ter. Thou must not pass, unless upon my death ;
Which I oppose, to fill the breach of Fate.
Can (Oh the cruel question to be made !)
Sertorius love, love his *Terentia* still ?
If I have pow'r, or if these tears prevail,
Oh, let my words find credit in thy brest.

Sert. By *Jove*, my manhood fails ; I grow to Earth :
Speak and release the Agony thou'st made.

Ter. By all the joys of *Hymen*, all the sweets
That wait on Love ; nay, by the secret bliss,

That

That happy Souls enjoy, Oh, stir not hence.
 Swift, as a Pile hurl'd by the *Delphic God*,
 Barb'd with destruction, coms our ruin on :
Aurelia is no more ; I saw her **Ghost**,
 The dear remembrance of a Friend and Mother,
 Thrice cry *Curs'd Rome* ! then, from her eyes, burst forth
 A floud of tears, which usher'd on her woes :
 " *Sertorius* is no more, she often said ;
 " I saw the Fates busy about his life,
 " The thred expos'd on the immortal Sheers,
 " And all the lesser Messengers on wing :
 This spoke, she vanish'd into Air again.

Sert. Sure, my *Terentia*, thou but dream'd the while ;
 And this the product of thy fear !

Ter. Oh, no.

Scarce recollect'd, viewing round the space,
 Too true I found the Vision, which out-fled
 Report it self : a Messenger arriv'd,
 With Letters, which confirm the fatal chance.

Sert. Oh, Mother, art thou com, to warn my Fate ?
 Left the possession of thy quiet Urn,
 And thy distract'd Spirit hovers here ?
 Speak loud, you Gods ; for I'm prepar'd for change :
 Why all these horors ? is it to amate
 The wandring Soul, when she her mansion leaves ?
 Loose all your Bolts, bury me quick in Earth,
 Rather than Rack with sounds exceeding death.

S C E N. III.

Tribunius, Crassus, Norbanus, Ligurius, Sertorius, &c.

Trib. Hail, mighty Lord ! Imperial Conqueror !
 Great in thy deeds, as *Phœbus* is for light !
 Give leave, that we attend thee to the Feast :
 While that *Perenna* of the favor proud,
 Envies the Thrones of Friendship that we have.

Sert. I will not go : do not inquire the caute ;
 Let it suffice it is my will.

Trib.

Trib. 'Tis true
 That people whisper ; here I find it now ;
Sertorius doubts the constancy and faith
 Of men, devoted wholly to his Fame ;
 Men, which have sworn in death to follow thee ;
 Men, which have left the *Roman* State for thee :
 To ashes turn'd the Tables *Sylla* sent,
 With ample restitution, and full honor.
 I see the hate thou bear'st us, in thy eyes :
 Oh, would they had the pow'r of *Basilisks*,
 To kill the Villain who infected thee !

Sert. Mistake me not, *Tribunius* : I'm not well,
 And do not like the fierceness of the Air.

Trib. Mistake me not, *Sertorius* ; nor believe
 Thy secret thoughts are hid : I see 'em there,
 There, in thy eyes ; and hear 'em in thy words ;
 And curse my Stars I ever liv'd to hear.

Crassus, *Ligurius*, and *Norbanus*, com,
 Draw all your Daggers, and compleat our doom :
 To live suspected, by the man we love,
 Is worse than death.

Sert. What means *Tribunius* ?

Trib. Thou shalt read here, and glut thee with the Character,
 Writ with these Pens of Steel, upon our hearts.
 But, Oh ! the wretched State of human things !
 On what false Basis do we build our hopes ;
 Thus subject to the blast of every wind ?
 Know, thou *Sertorius*, that I hate to live
 Under the very Igno'miny of thought.

Nor. View all these Scars, the badges of my love,
 Gain'd by thy side, in Battel ; call to mind
 How oft I've interpos'd 'twixt thee and death :
 This single arm, as glorying in thy fight,
 Has made a Lane in the opposing Foes.
 What have I ever don, to merit this ?
 What action, in my life has made a crime ?
 Did I but think my Soul could harbor one
 Against my Friend, by Heav'n I'd stab that too.

Lig. Believe me, General, that I court thy worth,

A Servant to thy Virtue ; and this Steel,
Hasting to let out life when so revil'd,
Shall pierce as deep into a Loyal heart :
Nay, I believe, that man, who loves me not,
Would be a pledg. in Honor for my faith.

Bebr. Why nam'st thou me, *Ligurius* ? well thou know'st,
When darkness summons all the World to rest,
You're waking at *Perpenna*'s, loath all sleep,
And there confederate : at such hours of Night,
No good can e're be hatch'd ; but Treason may.

Ig. Thou ly'st, base man. Now, by the Thunderer,
Wert thou not safe within this sacred place,
Had'st thou as many lives as *Hydra* heads,
I'd kill 'em one by one. From hence it springs,
Here takes it Source ; and, like a Plague, Infects.
Bind me, *Sertorius* ; lead me where no light
E're shot its Beams ; and, if you find it truth,
Invent a Torment new, and terrible,
Exceeding all the labors of the Damn'd :
But, till I'm justly doom'd, believe my brest,
Like Chrystal, casts this poyson in his Teeth.

Sert. What thinks *Terentia* now ? how can I doubt
Such Friends as these ? Com, we will go, my Fair :
Banish distrust ; and think the Prodigies
Were only to amuse, not to Predict.
Let not these men know of our inward grief ;
But bear it with the patience of a God.

*S. Apart. to
Terentia.*

Ter. Yet there is something dictates in my brest :
This visit will be fatal ; and I see,
Like dying men, prospect of mighty things :
From fear they cannot com ; to me, they seem,
Like Meteors fix'd, not flying forms of Air.

Sert. Com, my *Bebricius*, do like me, believe
Not one of all these *Romans* can be false.
Ligurius, com, forgive the hasty words ;
Age has its faults, as well as fiery youth :
The one must bear th' other's Infirmitiees.
And credit me, such is the great esteem,
If in the scope of Rule you cast an eye.

To

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To any part which raises strong desire ;
Command *Sertorius*, who no Tresure knows
Beyond th' intrinsic value of a Friend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCEN. IV.

PERPENNA.

Perp. I grow in love with mischief ; and the Gods,
Envyng like me, consent unto his fall.
If there's a Fury greater than I feel,
A subtil *Dæmon* that I have not sought ;
Let him expand his wings, and habit here.
Dull Fools they were that sought eternal Fame
By deeds not worthy naming : He that fir'd
Diana's Temple ; or that stupid Ass
Who headlong fell in flaming *Etna's* womb,
In hopes to cheat the Vulgar, lost himself.
I mount a Sphere above 'em. As, in Hell,
The lesser Fiends are Slaves unto their Lord,
And band the fiery Surges to his will :
So I, on Earth, would with this arm controul ;
And, if the disobedient Clods rebell'd,
Find the Connexion of the Globes above,
And with this Sword divide the mighty tye,
That headlong with its weight it funk to Hell,
And made the Furies groan beneath its Orb ;
While, from the Region of the Sky, I saw
Its mighty dissolution, unconcern'd.

SCEN. V.

Fulvia, Perpenna.

Ful. You seem exalted with success, *Perpenna* ;
Tread upon Air, and breath a Soul all fire.

Perp. Yes ; and behold my *Juno* fix'd by me ;
While the connected Atoms, Statue-like,
Know nether life nor motion, till we speak.

Ful. How if, Ixion-like, we 'embrace a Cloud?

Perp. Why, then that Cloud shall hide us both for ever:

Slighting the Earth, we'll put our beings off,
And wing for the Society of Gods.

I hear the noise of many feet: let's hence,
And meet the Victim.

[Exeunt.

S C E N. VI.

A Banquet. At it, Sertorius, Perpenna, Tribunius, Crassus, Decius, Ligurius, Norbanus, Bebricius, Attendants.

Perp. Such was the time, in the *Læcean* way,
When frightned Gods, by Sons of Earth besieg'd,
Sat there in Council with Immortal fear,
Till all the fainting Pow'rs, by *Bacchus* fir'd,
Forc'd *Jove* unto his Thunder: Here we sit,
While Pompey's Rams are storming at our walls, &
Whose Blows are Harmony unto our Feast.

Sert. It is, Perpenna, and a God-like sound,
Though to sink the fearful into Earth, & reign over all,
But we, as seated on a Throne, above the bloudy Earth,
Ruin spread wide the Terrorr b'sts wings: & the Fates
They, like *Cambyses*, rage against the wind, & mix the Earth,
Till weary'd with the object, then we hasten,
Mounted on Death, give Reins unto the Sword,
And glut the Furies with whole Seas of Gore.

Perp. When great *Sertorius* speaks, he should, like *Jove*,
Have Thunder ready; all the Elements
Ready to make a second Chaos stand;
And all the World, as dreading the fierce change,
Becom agast: But, viewing round, I see
The Cyclops wanting Bolts for such a work,
Nor has old *Vulcan* captiv'd Time, or yet
The fatal Sisters ta'ne to their Sheers.

Bebr. Ha! means he me, by *Vulcan*? captiv'd Time?
By Heav'n, my fears I find now are not vain.
How dares Perpenna thus abuse the Gods;
And in a language strange, unto a Friend,

Dost

Dost call the Son of *Anthropos* a *Jeve*,
Yet mock'st his wanting Ministers of wrath?

Sert. No more, *Bebricius*; he is hot with wine:
Give him his liberty; he is our Friend.

Perp. Let not *Sertorius* doubt the proof of it.
Free men have Liberty; 'tis Slaves have Chains:
And well I know *Quintus* will ne're impose
Upon a *Roman*, what a *Roman* hates.
For Liberty, *Sertorius* knows, we've fought;
And we would do't again, knee-deep in bloud:
Let's see that Talker fight, instead of speak;
Let Oratory hang upon his Sword;
But, till the Field sets forth his mighty worth,
Confine that Gall which dwells upon his Tongue.

Sert. It is unkind, *Perpenna*, thus to rate him;
He is a worthy man, and bears a Soul
Great, as the proudest *Roman*: I have seen
Wonders perform'd where er'e his Sword has com,
And death before the blow has made its way:
Such worthy actions in my Camp has don,
That nether *Pompey*, nor *Metellus*, can't
When he is nam'd but reverence the sound.

Perp. Now, *Romans*, be you Judges of the change
So long I warn'd you of: See, see our Fates;
See all the merits that our wounds have got;
That now, when *Pompey* girts us in our walls,
He dares prefer this man the only Friend,
This gray-beard Villain, who contrives our fall;
That when the danger which invades is past,
'Tis he must Lord it o're our Liberties.

Trib. Speak thou for me how much I loath a Chain!

[*Stabs Sertorius.*]

Sert Ha! Sure 'twas deadly. Ho! my Guards, my Guards!

Perp. Be not deluded with so false a hope;
There's not a Soul that dares but think relief.

Bebr. Thou seest I've yet that strength within my arm
To turn thy Dagger's point upon thy self.

[*Here Ligurius is Stab'd by Bebricius, who escapes.*
There is no safety here: I'll hast away.]

54 And com attended with Revengc e're Day.

[Exit.

Sert. Oh, Barbarous Vaillains ! Treason, help.

Perp. 'Tis here,

Sertorius, on this point: despair, and dy,
Thou base, ingrateful man: had'st thou surviv'd,
We'd been thy Slaves; but, thank our Swords, we're free.

Sert. Yet I dye pleas'd, to know thy sudden Fate;
I see it now before me; view the man:

Pompey revenges me. I see these men,
That shame the name of Friend to that degree,
In so deplorable and lost a state;
That their own Souls begin to loath their make,
And curse the hour when first they saw Perpenna.
Oh, my *Terentia* ! thy Prophetic fear
Is now accomplish'd. Oh, uncertain Chance,
How subtil are thy ways that Greatness tread !
Which guides us on unto our certain Fate,
And never leaves us till our life is fled !

Perp. Dy, Wizard. Think'st thou that I fear my Fate?
No; 'tis on thee I build the mighty frame,
And seem a Body second unto *Atlas*:
Thus grasp a Scepter, and thus rule my Stars;
Since, by thy death, our Liberty is gain'd.
Shout, till your voices burst the Clouds to Air;
That with the violence of meeting sounds,
The Globe grows giddy, and inconstant Fortune
No longer can command her fickle Wheel.

Shouts. *Liberty, Freedom, Liberty!*

S C E N. VII.

Terentia to Perpenna, &c,

Ter. Curs'd be the sound for ever; ever curs'd
The cruel Villains ! why is't you delay?
Sheath all your murd'rous weapons in my brest?
And show your selves Masters in Villany,
That know no bounds in bloud. Oh Sertorius,
How have the Gods ordain'd our Destinies !

She runs to
Sertorius ba-
dy, and kneels
by it.

[Weeps:
Sert.

Dyes.

Sert. Terentia, oh —

Ter. Sertorius ; Lord ; 'tis thy Terentia calls,
 He's gon, he's gon ; and summon'd me away,
 To shades remote ; which happy souls enjoy :
 Yet, my *Sertorius*, stay thee in thy race,
 Hover a minute o're *Terentia's* Fate ;
 See with what swiftness I'll pursue thy shade
 To its Immortal Mansion ! — Flow swift, my bloud ; { Stabs her
 That, from this passage, like a Sea broke loose, { self.
 My Soul shall mount ; still calling, as it flies,
 Justice from Gods, Revenge for perjur'd men,
Quintus, I com : From Earth I now remove,
 And seek the Ghost of an Eternal Love.

Dyes.

Perp. Som Devil sure resides within my brest ;
 I ne're knew pity, till I saw this sight :
 Nor will I now. Remove these Bodies hence :
 Place 'em within ; that, viewing our disgrace,
 When coward thoughts dare give themselves a birth,
 Look on the Tyrant, call to mind his deeds ;
 And if the Gods dare put a cheat upon us,
 We'll wait not Death, but make him 'tend on us.

Trib. Farewel, thou noble *Roman* ; we shall meet { Goes to Liguria.
 In happy shades : while thy blest soul delights { rius.
 In the success that waits upon our Swords.
 Speak then, *Perpenna* ; shall we sally out,
 Or send to treat with *Pompey* ?

Perp. Noble Friends,
 It will disgrace the glory of our deeds,
 Sully our Fame atchiev'd in fiercest War,
 To lay those killing weapons at his feet
 Whose edg has forc'd him from the Field retreat.
 Are not our Legions full ? their souls o' fire ?
 This City ours, to back us in the fight ?
 While in their Camp, Famin and Sicknes Reigns,
 Let's out, and chase these Specters from our VValls,
 That fright us like the shadows of the night,
 Whose wither'd substance much resembles theirs.

Omnes. Lead on, thou Soul of all the noble *Romans*,
 Alarms and shout within.

SCEN.

S C E N. VIII.

A Roman soldier, to Perpenna, &c.

Perp. What dreadful message dwells upon thy tongue ?
VVhy thus confus'd ? Call back thy frightned sense,
And tell us what's the meaning of this sound.

Rom. Pompey is entred *Osca* ; all is lost :
Bebricius, scaping from the bloody Feast,
Turn'd all into Sedition ; for the Croud
No sooner heard their lov'd *Sertorius* dead,
Quitting their several stations, op'd the Gates
To Pompey's Soldiers, fir'd with strange desire.
Both partyes now are one : *Bebricius* leads
The num'rous bands, and has begirt us round.
There is no scaping hence with life.

Perp. Hence, slave ;
And preach to Furies, in the other VVorld.
*Sdeath, am I catch'd ! betray'd by Jilting Fate,
VVhen the full Scene of Greatnes was in view !
It is too late to talk. Com, let our Swords
Hew out a passage to our former state :
And make the wond'ring Gods call back their Ire,
To see how Slaughter does pursue our blows.

[Kills him.]

[Exeunt.]

S C E N. IX.

Fight. After which, Pompey, Bebricius, Lusitanians, Romans :
Perpenna, Tribunius, and Norbanus Prisoners.

Pomp. Such is the Fortune of Imperial *Rome*,
VVhen-e're her Sons against her do rebel,
To turn the lot of ruin on their heads.
Thou fear'd *Sertorius*, Rival to my Arms,
Fam'd Soldier once that was, now thou'rt no more ;
By Heav'in, it grieves me that I meet thee thus :
In Battel, to compleat my Victories,

[Bow-]

Bowing beneath the keeness of my Sword,
Thou should'st have fell, not by a Villain's hand.

Bebr. Forgive me, Oh thou *Manes*, this delay ;
I only live, to see thy death reveng'd.

Pompey. Where was thy sense of Honor, cruel man ?
Scythia, in falsehood, does fall short of thee :
Not the contriving Furies of the deep
Could e're invent a greater Villany.

Perp. Hold, Beardless Boy ; thou Novice in a Camp,
That oft has fled my Sword, as School-boys Rods :
Think upon *Sucron* Fields, and then be mute.
Thou say'st that Hell could not afford a Scene
Of greater mischief : I am proud of it.
Empire I aim'd at ; had it once in sight ;
Till the curs'd Gods cast in their bar between.
In me, 'twas great ; but it was base in these :
And, if that Chance had blest me with a Throne,
Their heads had been the steps to mount upon.

Nor. Dog, Son of Night, ingendred of the foam
Of *Cerberus*, and Hell's contagious Dew.

Trib. Oh, I could eat my Chains, to com at thee !

Perp. *Tribunius*, please me with a Mask of Death :
Knock out thy brains against those Ornaments,
And let me see how bravely thou wilt dy.

Trib. Blest Fortune ! — Take that, Paricide. When Hell's
Capacious Kingdom does confine our Souls, { *Snatches a Sword*
There, in th' Infernal Lake, I'll plunge thee in ; } *from a Soldier, &c.*
Sink with thee to Perdition ; and, in pain, } *kills Perpenna.*
Take pleasure in thy Conquest. Lead me on ;
The Gemonies, *Tarpeian* Rock is bliss,
And death, which sets me free, a Paradise.

S C E N. X.

Fulvia, distracted, to Pompey, &c.

Ful. Room, room, you Slaves ! 'tis *Fulvia* comes, your Queen ;
Bow to the Earth your stubborn knees ; shout up
Reverberated voices : For I'm grown

Equal

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Equal with Fame, and fill a mighty space.
What means that abject posture? art thou chain'd?
Chain'd to a Throne? Why flies not my *Perpenna*?
Hast thou the World of business at thy heels,
The Type of Empire? hurl it into Night,
And free the Gods from their Eternal doom.

Perp. I thank thee, Tyrant, and obey thy pow'r :
Thou ne're could'st visit in a better time.
Take her away: by my lost hope, this fight
Is worse than Hell; and bands my wretched Soul,
Like angry Furies in the other VWorld.

Ful. He's struck; he's struck: ha! how it streams apace!
'Tis the first present of my Love I make: (Stabbing Bebr.)
Now, glory of it in the other VWorld.

Pomp. Seise on her, Guard: This is a bloudy Night.
The Moon hid her self behind a Cloud;
And all the Stars, as tho afraid, retire.

Bebr. I thank thee; thou hast sav'd me from a deed
This hand e're day had don. I feell my end
Move swiftly forwards; and a glimmering light
Now shuts up day; and makes it ever night. [Dyes.]

Perp. VVhere were your safe-guards now, you envying Pow'r?
See, how we've snatch'd revenge from out your hands,
And breath defiance! Could I pluck from time
A minute longer, *Pompey*, thou should feel
There was no safety in *Perpenna*'s reach.
It pleases me to think, when I am dead
The mischief I have don will startle thee,
And all the VWorld name me a glorious Villain
And, when to *Pluto*'s Region I arrive,
The Gods will doubt more from my single Brain,
Than all the Furies met against their Heav'n.
Oh, *Fulvia*! Death does hasten me away:
I'm now his subject, and I must obey. [Dyes.]

Ful. I feel the mighty frame now goes to rack:
My heart's divided with the deadly blow,
And all my Senses at vast distance roam,
Tending the Soul unto Eternity.
Stretch wide your Kingdom, Furies, to receive
Her, whom the World could not contain alive;

For

SERTORIUS.

For my receptione, let whole Legions wait ;
That *Pluto*, wondring at the mighty State,
Scorning his Queen, may place me in her Seat.

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[Dyes.]

Pomp. Remove the Bodies. To *Sertorius* Pile

Add all the Ornaments that Soldiers boast :

Break all your Shields ; there all your Ensigns lay ;

And mourn that loss which sheaths your Swords again.

Let him have common Burial. May the Gods

Forget his Crimes ; while *Rome* no Equal knows,

Nor none contend against her Soveraign pow'r :

But to her Vengeance, as the Ire of Heav'n,

Wast into former Chaos, and forget

That being which they had. Spread wide thy Gates,

Oh Guardian Angel of the Gods abode ;

Let Fame, from Pole to Pole, her Echo sound :

While the whole World, obedient to her Pow'r,

Submit to *Rome*, as to her Emperor.

59
[Exeunt Omnes.]

EPILOGUE.

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EPILOGUE.

By Mr. Ravenscroft.

OUR Poet to the learned Criticks does submit,
But scorns those little Vermine in the Pit,
Who noise and nonsense vent instead of Wit:
Those Aerie empty Sparks that know no mor^e:
Than how to dress and railly with a Whore;
Nay all they say to 'em is perfect cant,
And Vizord still runs down the weak Gallant:
Vext at her Repartee, he stroaks his Wig,
And cries, Dam me, you Whore you, I'll unrig:
Then cursing her, he leaves her to the rest
O'th' Fops-----
Or tears a Hood and Scarf to make a jeast.
Whence have these fitly Monsters their pretence,
That they should Judges be of Wit and Sence?
These Gnats about a Poets Ears may swarm,
But want a Sting to do him any harm.

FINIS.

